

POLICE

COMICS

A QUALITY
COMIC
PUBLICATION



AUGUST No.101

10¢

WHAT WOULD
YOU

DO IF YOU SAW
A CENTURY-OLD
COVERED WAGON RACE
THROUGH THE
AUTO-CONGESTED
CITY STREETS?



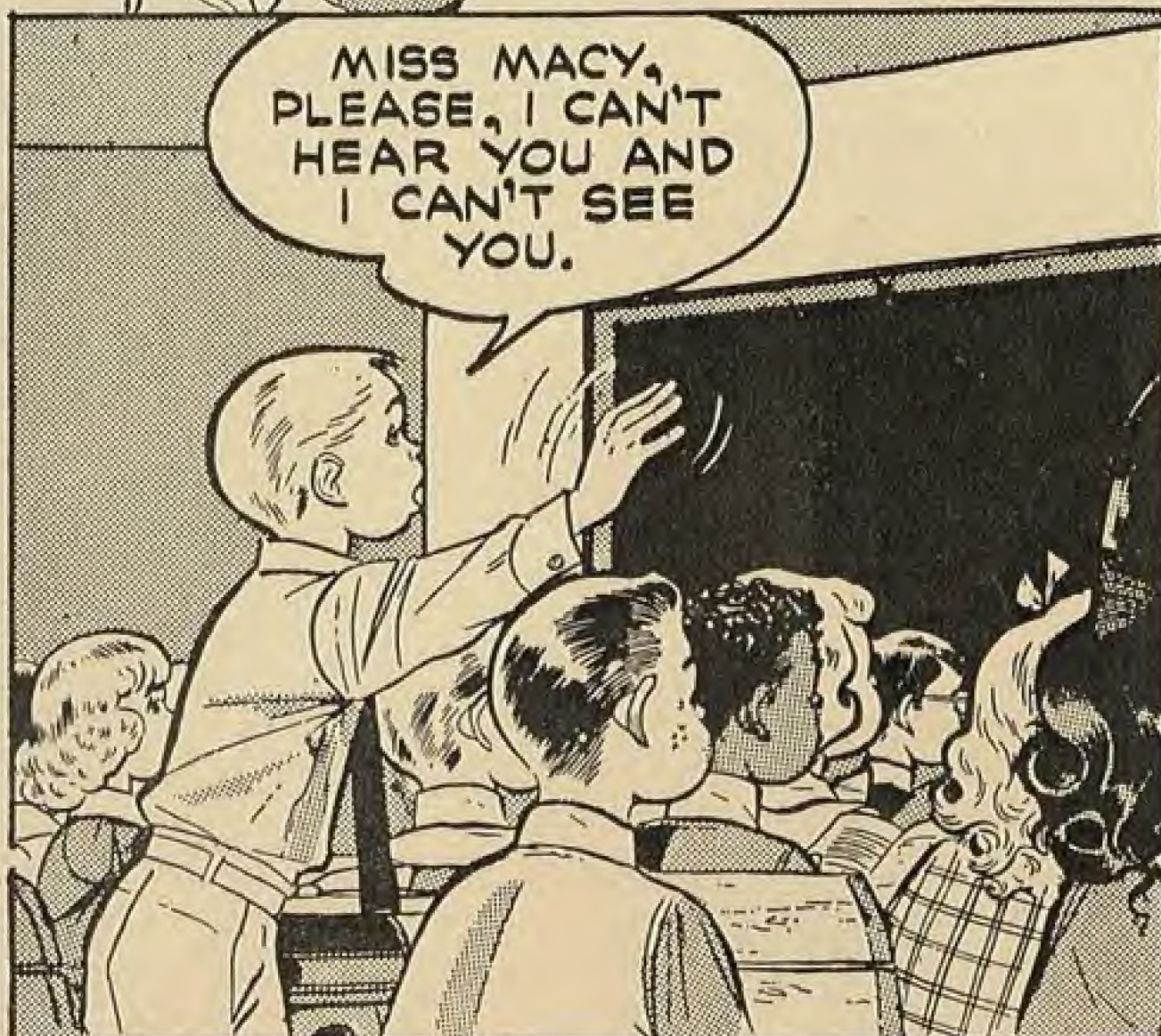
READ THIS
AMAZING ADVENTURE
OF
PLASTIC MAN
AND THE STRANGEST
MISTAKE EVER
RECORDED IN
TIME!



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



Better schools make better communities



MISS MACY,
PLEASE, I CAN'T
HEAR YOU AND
I CAN'T SEE
YOU.



WELL, SON,
HOW DID
THINGS GO
IN SCHOOL
TODAY?

TOO BAD I CAN'T
HEAR OR SEE THE
TEACHER. I COULD
LIKE SCHOOL IF
THEY'D ONLY GIVE
ME A CHANCE.



WHAT ARE WE
GOING TO DO, DAD?
ALL THE CHILDREN
SAY THE SCHOOL
IS CROWDED. THEY
GO ONLY HALF A
DAY.

IF ALL OUR NEIGHBORS WORK TOGETHER,
WE CAN GET MORE AND BETTER SCHOOLS.
CHILDREN NEED GOOD SCHOOLS. EVERY
COMMUNITY NEEDS PEOPLE WHO
HAVE LEARNED HOW TO WORK
AND BE HAPPY BY GOING TO
SCHOOL.



NO MATTER WHAT YOUR
CHILDREN GROW UP TO BE,
YOU NEED A GOOD
SCHOOL.



WHEN YOU GROW UP AND
VOTE, YOU WILL NEED
AN EDUCATION.

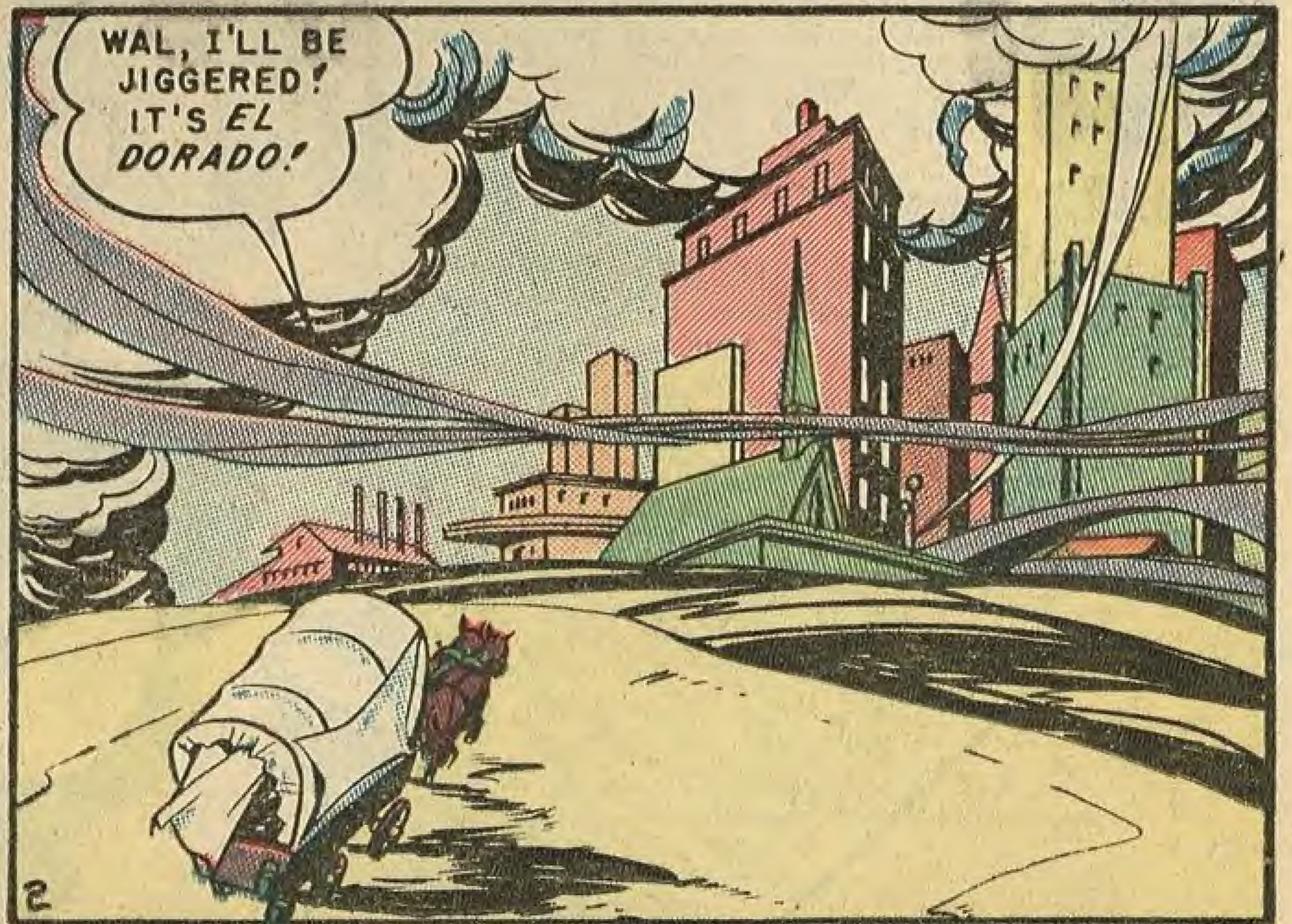
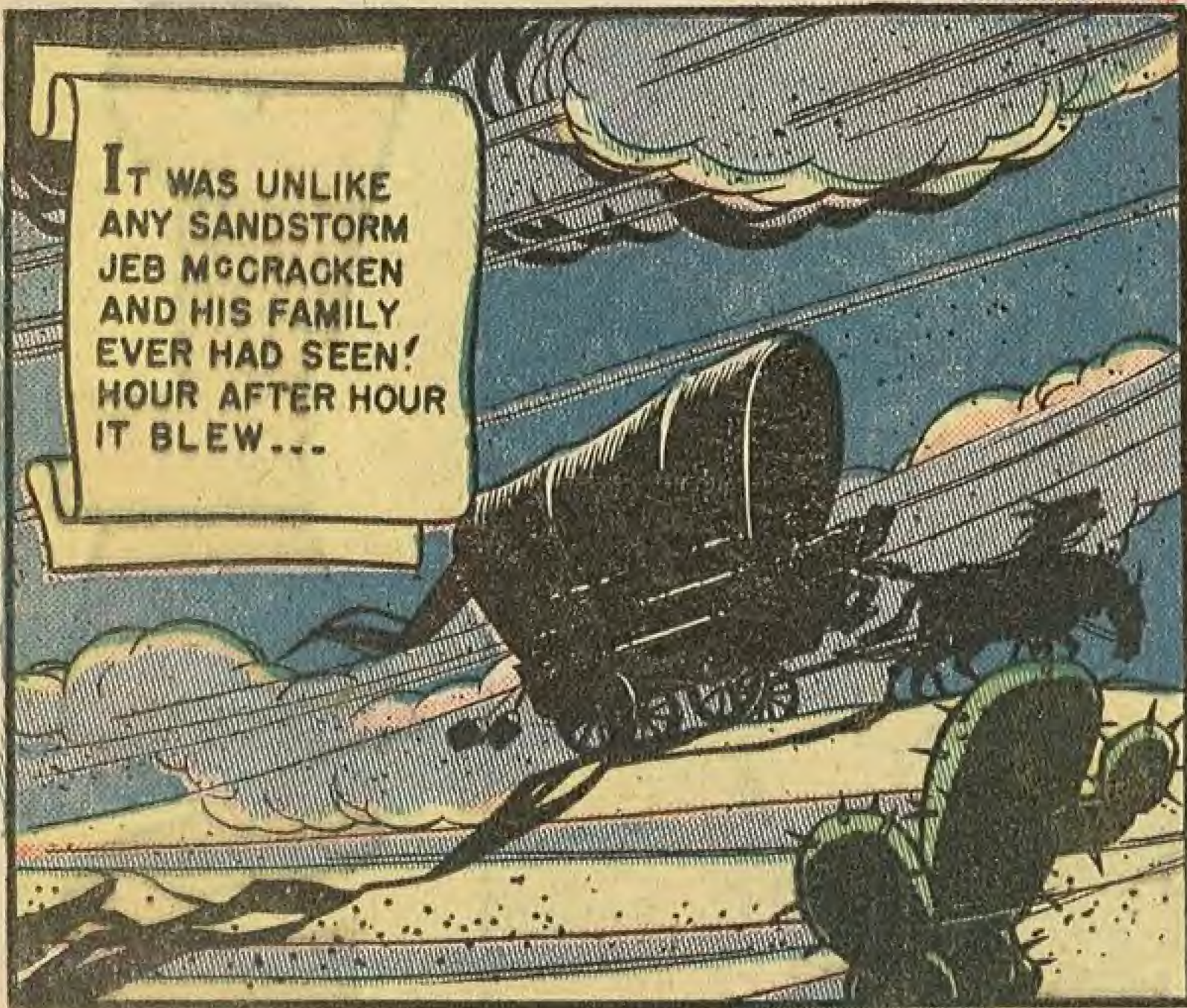


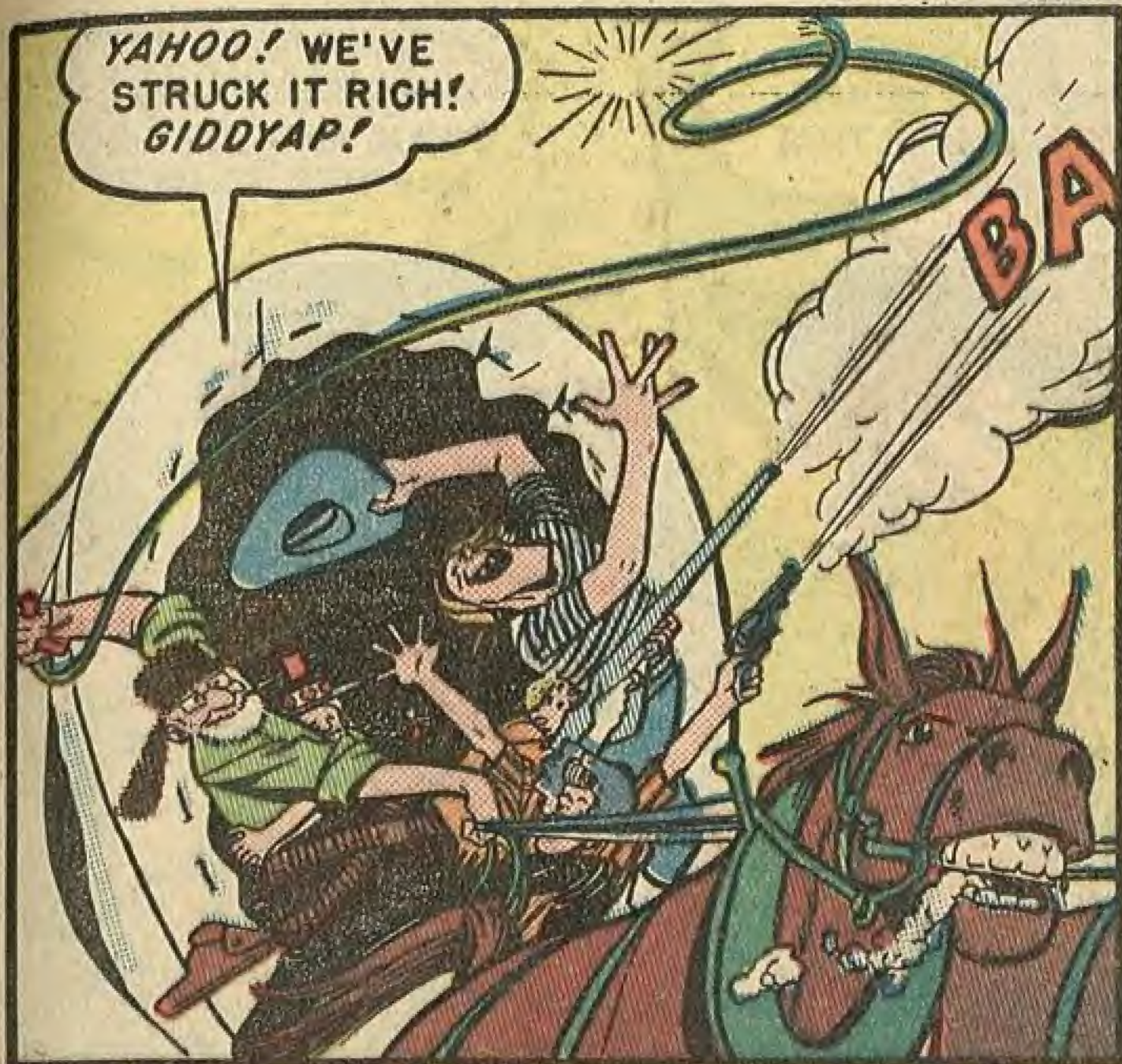
JERRY
FASANO -



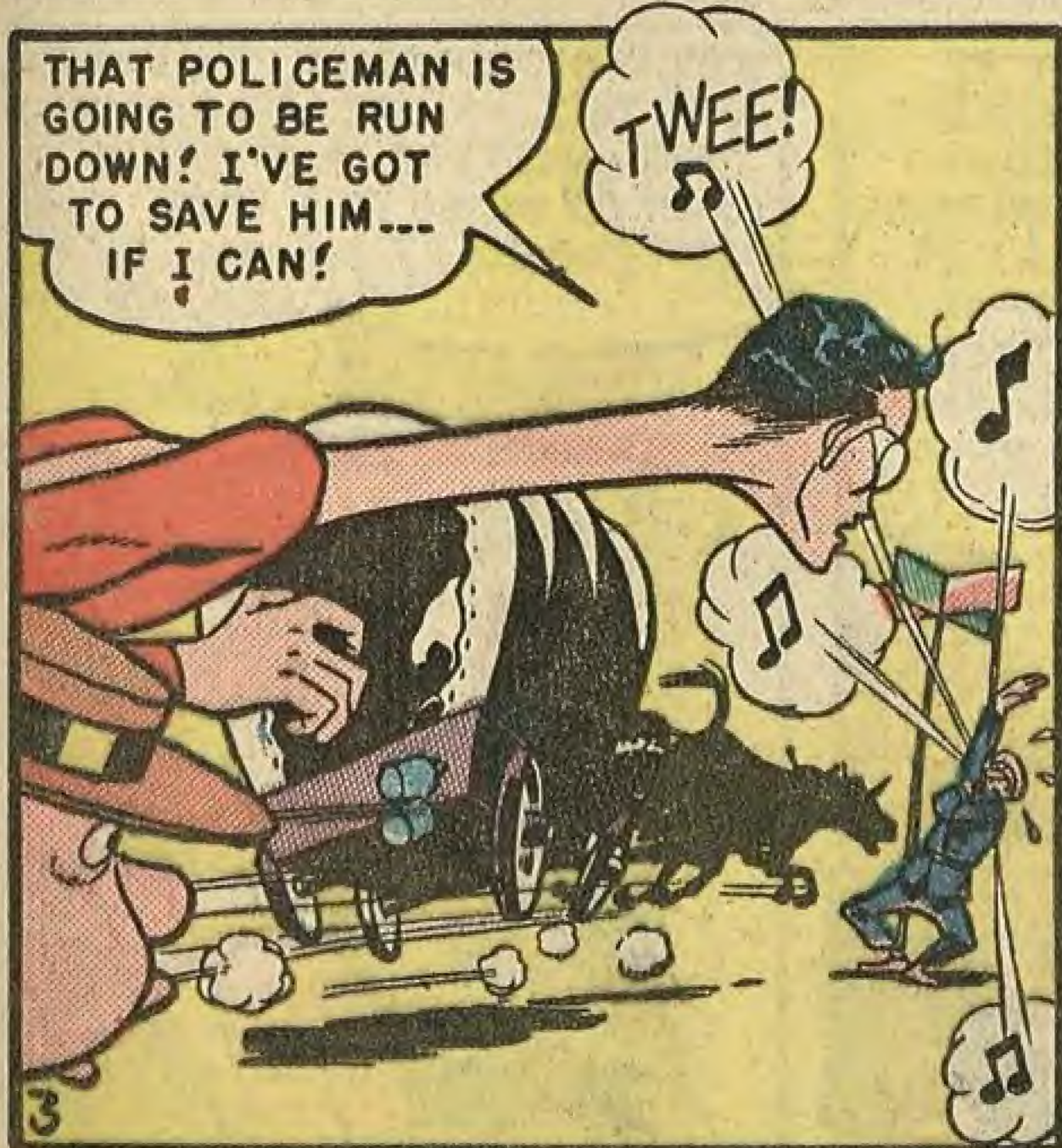
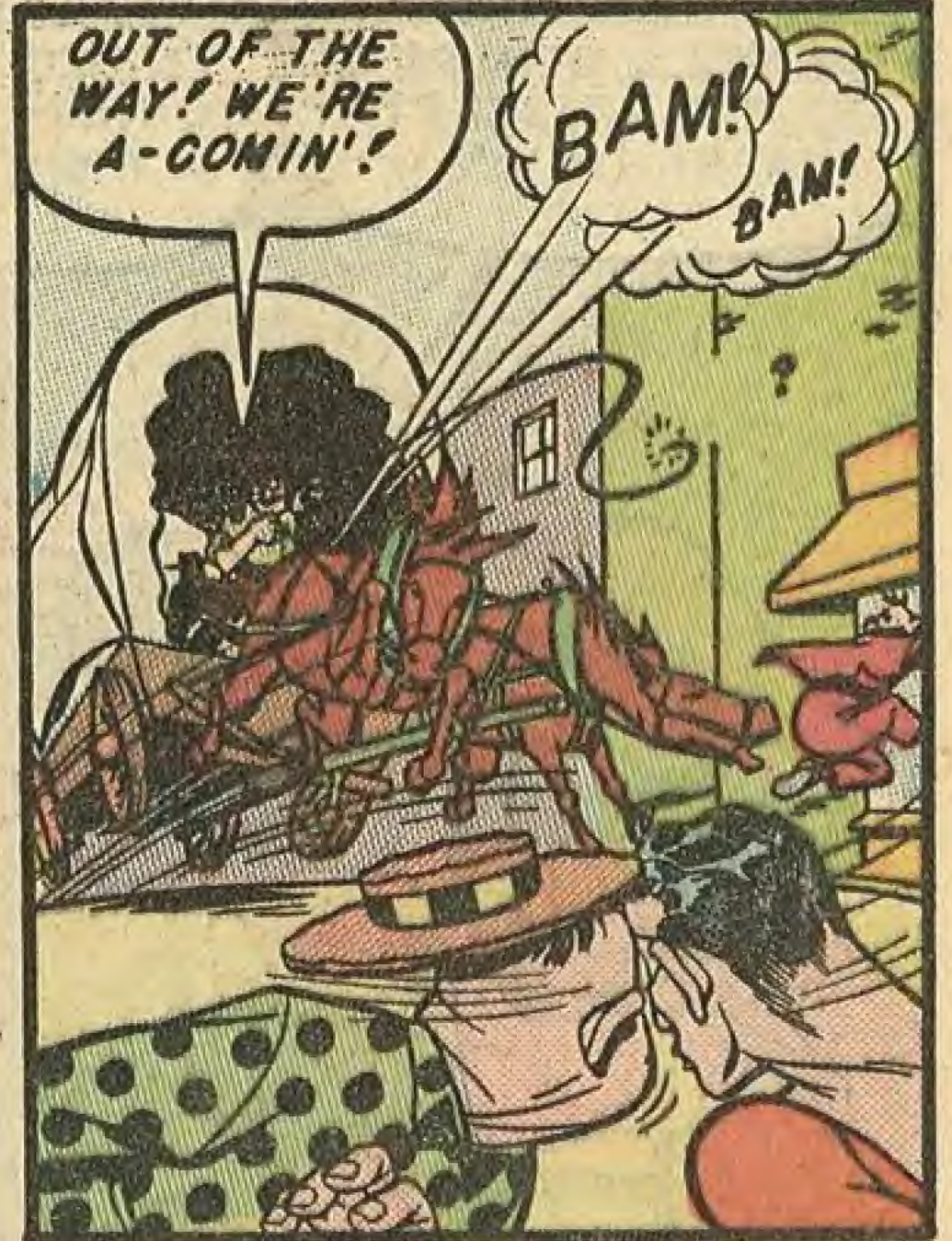
TELL YOUR MOTHER AND
FATHER THEY CAN LEARN
HOW OTHERS WON BETTER
SCHOOLS BY WRITING TO -
"NATIONAL CITIZENS COMMISSION
FOR THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS
2 WEST 45TH STREET
NEW YORK 19 NEW YORK"



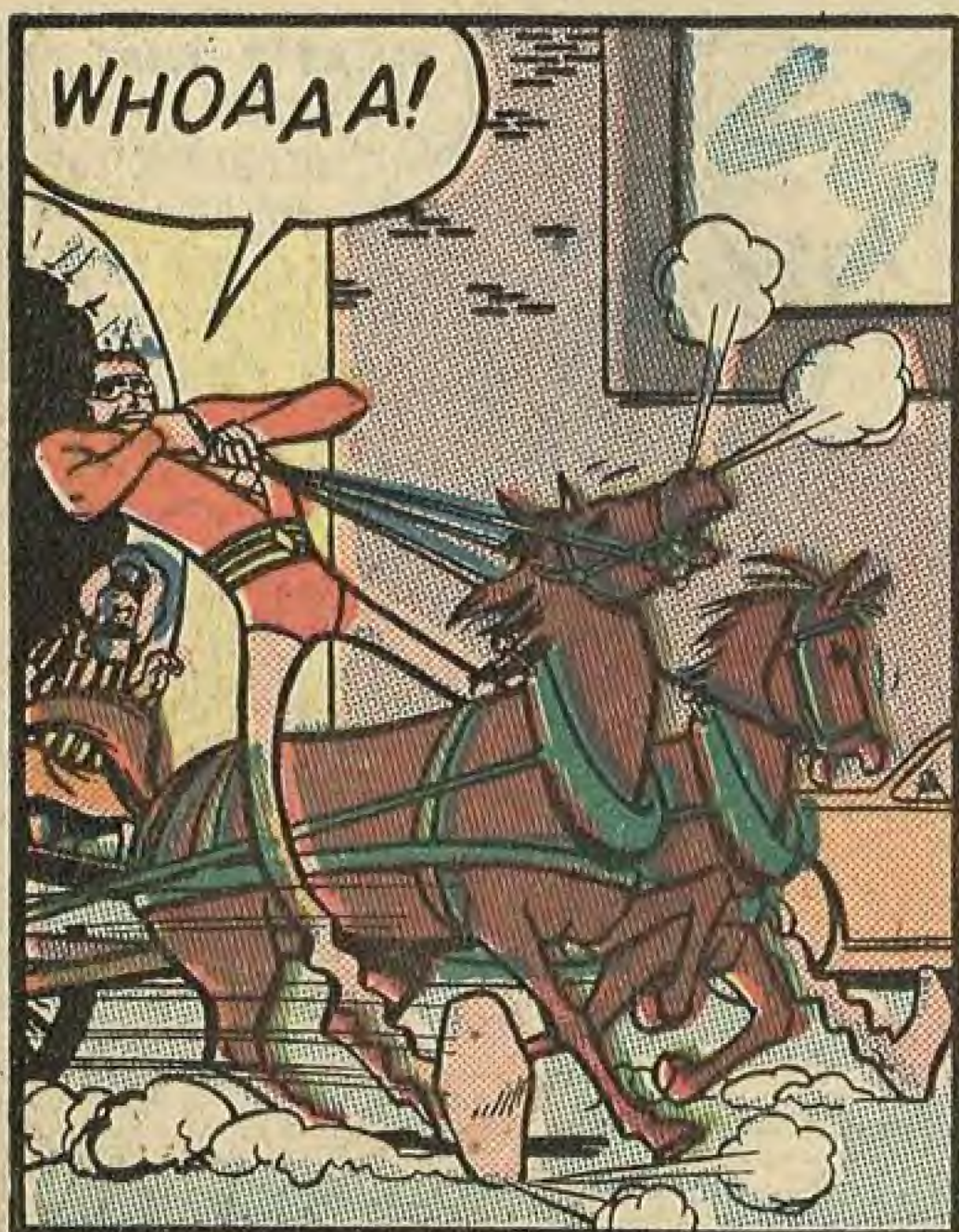
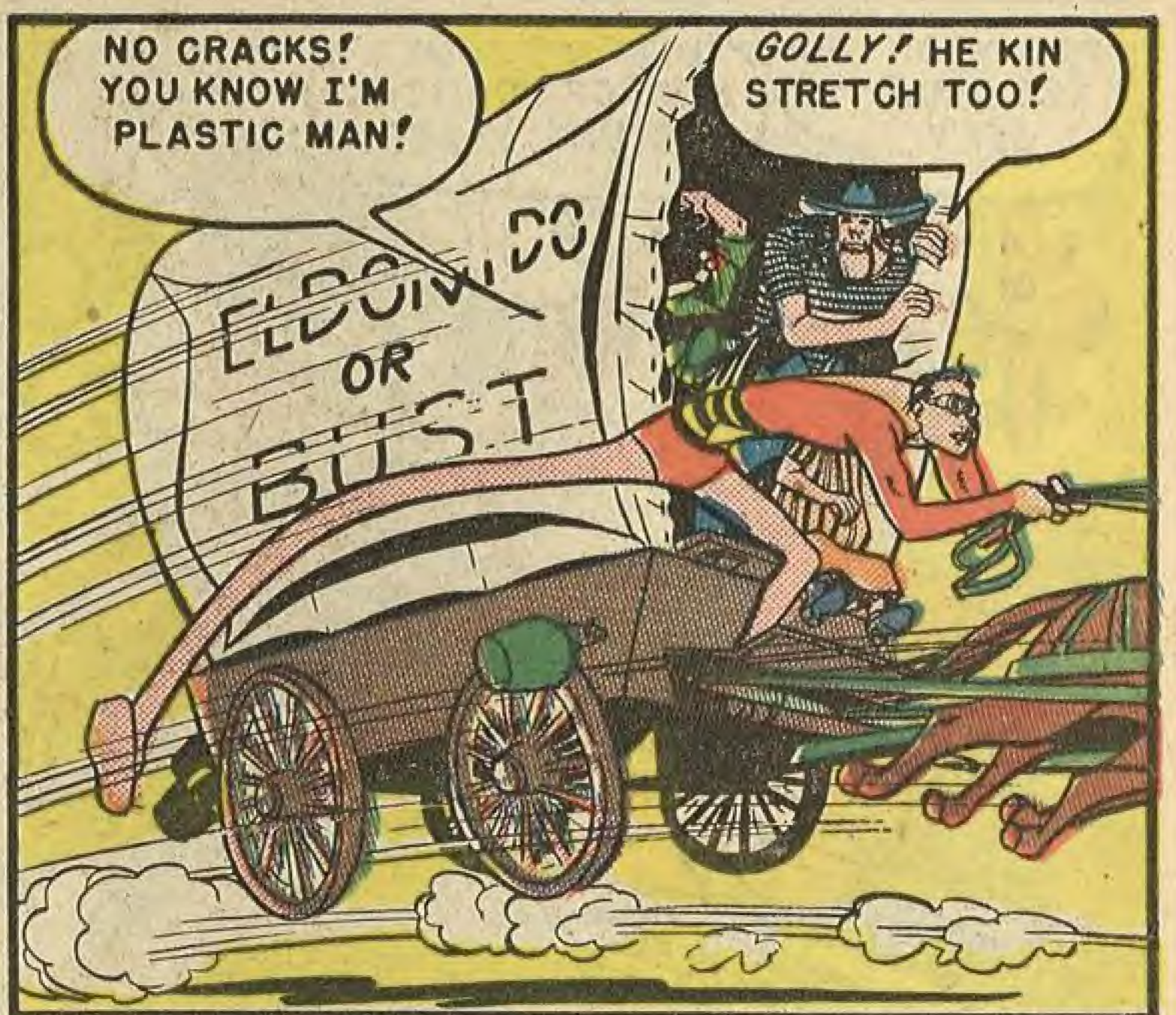




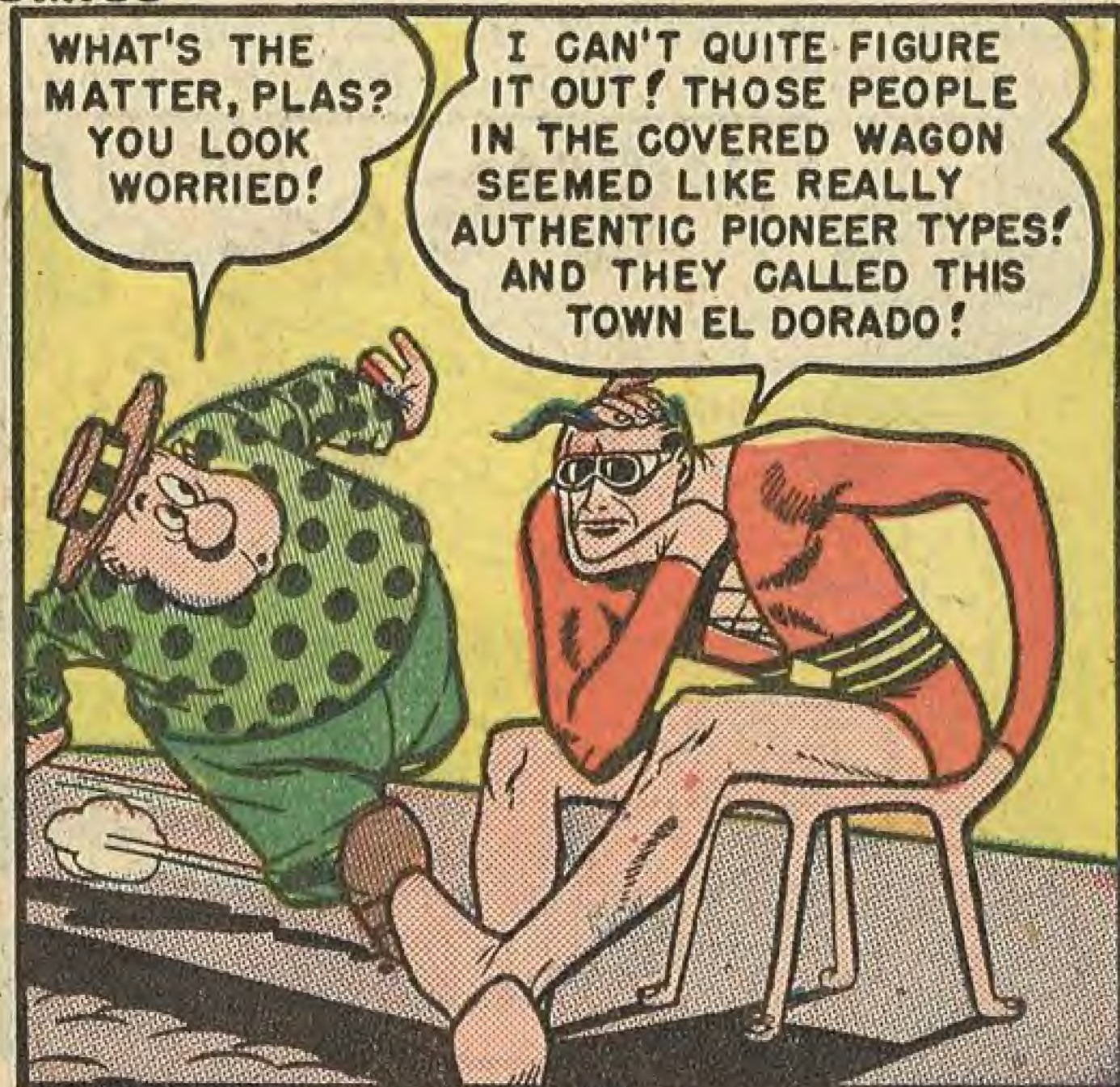
BUT, OWING TO A CURIOUS SHIFT IN THE TIME-CONTINUUM, THIS IS NOT THE FABLED EL DORADO THAT JEB MCCRACKEN IS SEEKING! IT IS A GREAT MID-WESTERN METROPOLIS ---AND THE YEAR IS 1950! THAT STRANGE QUIRK IN THE TIME CONTINUUM COST JEB MCCRACKEN EXACTLY A CENTURY---



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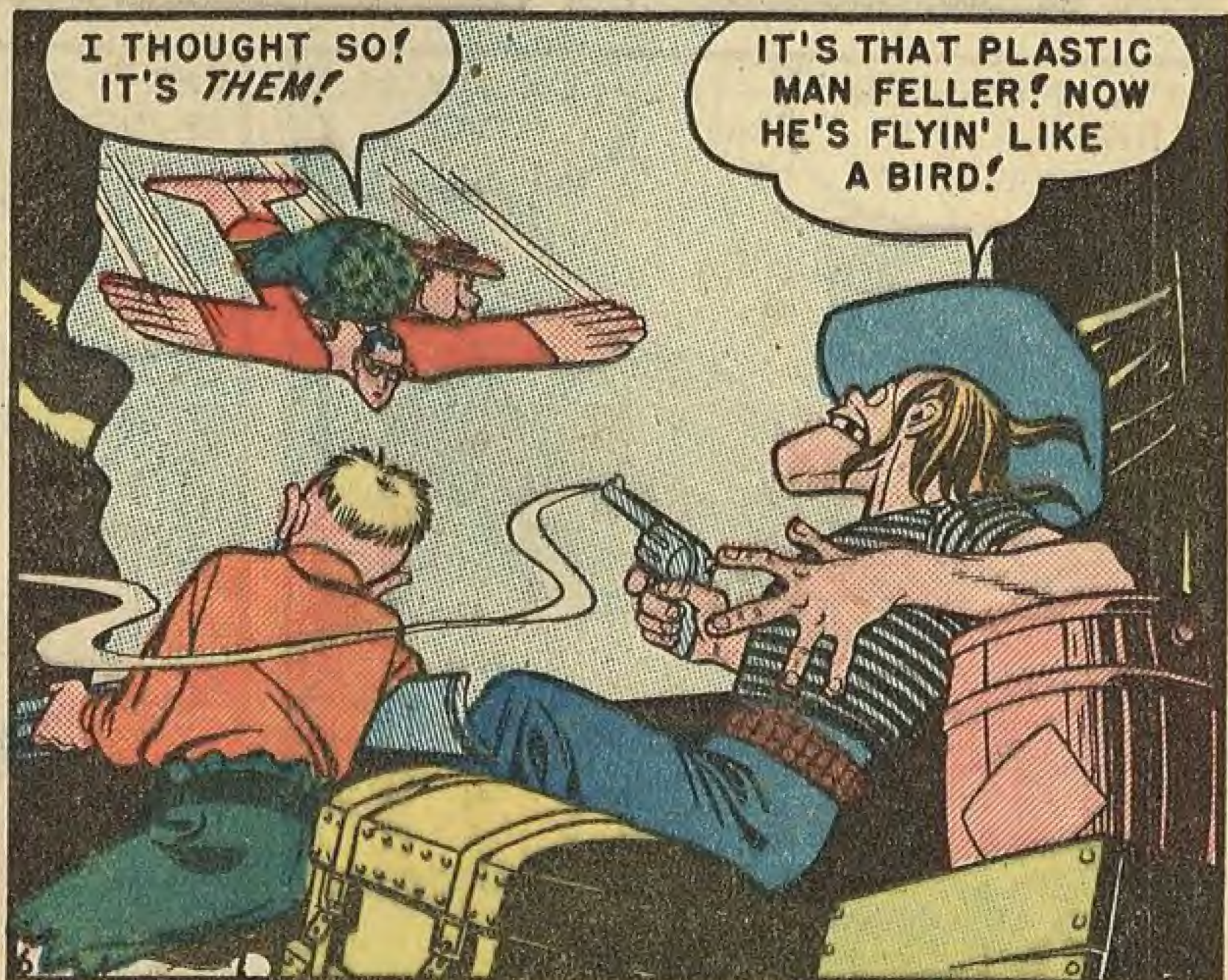
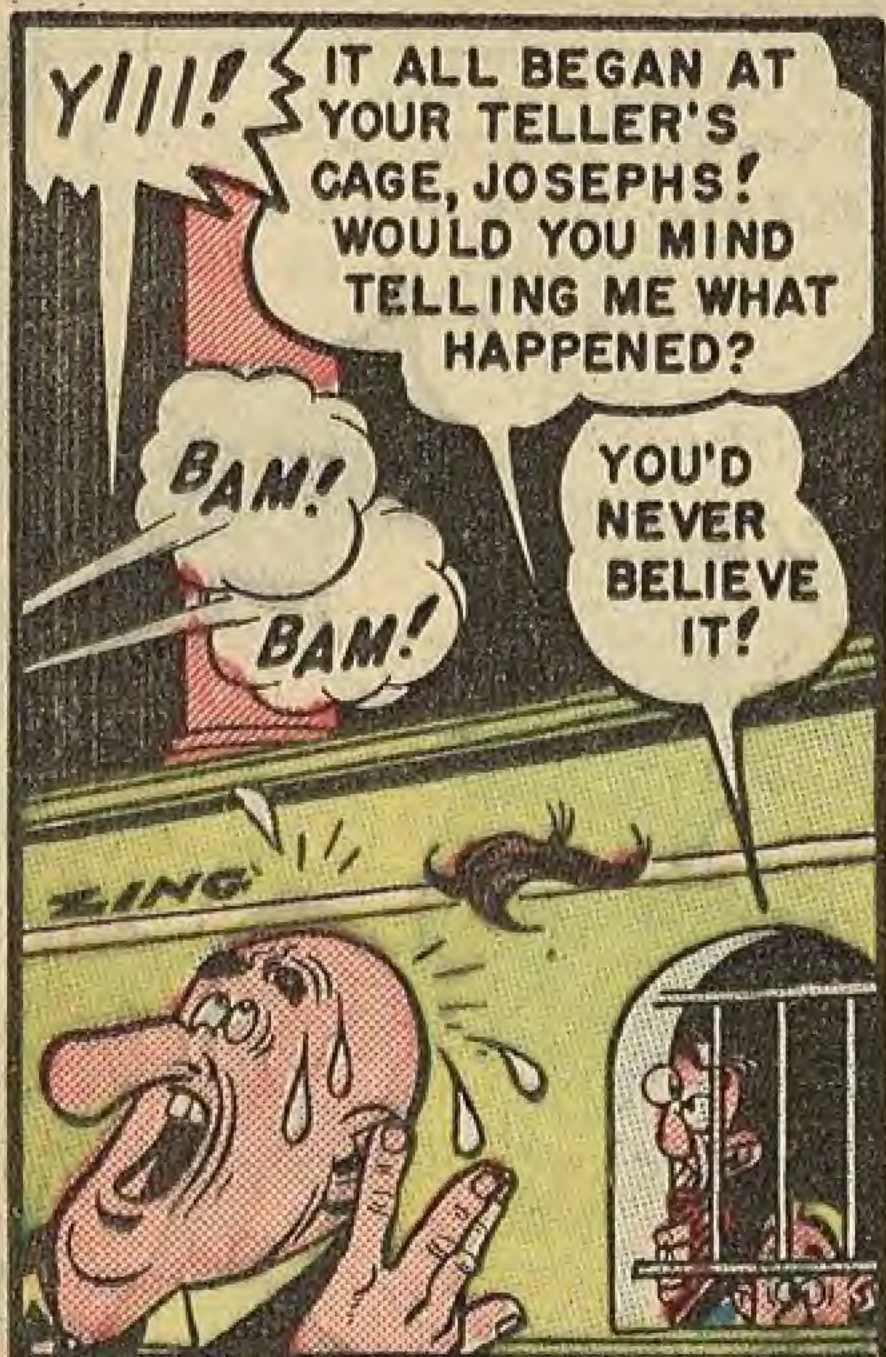
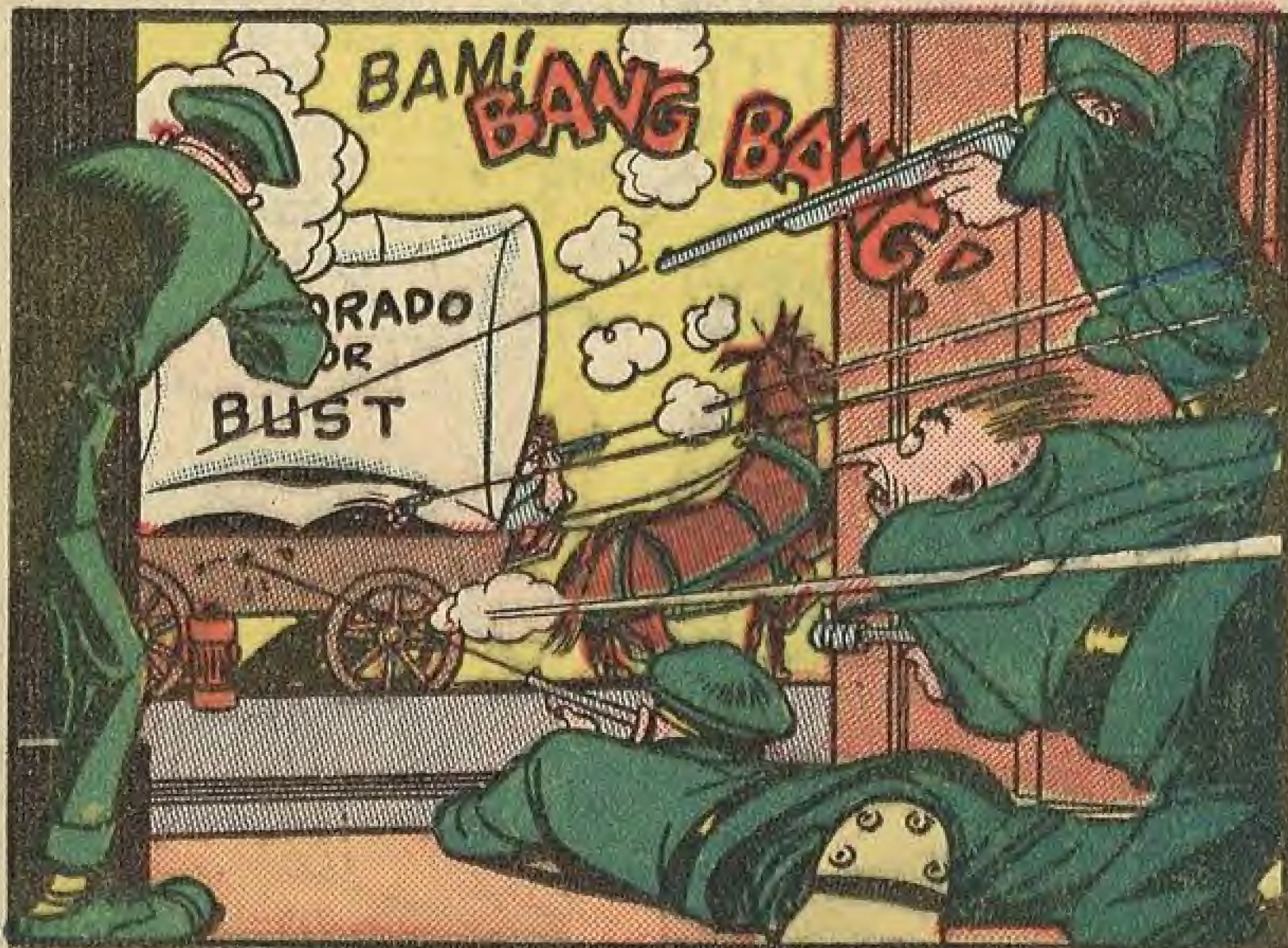


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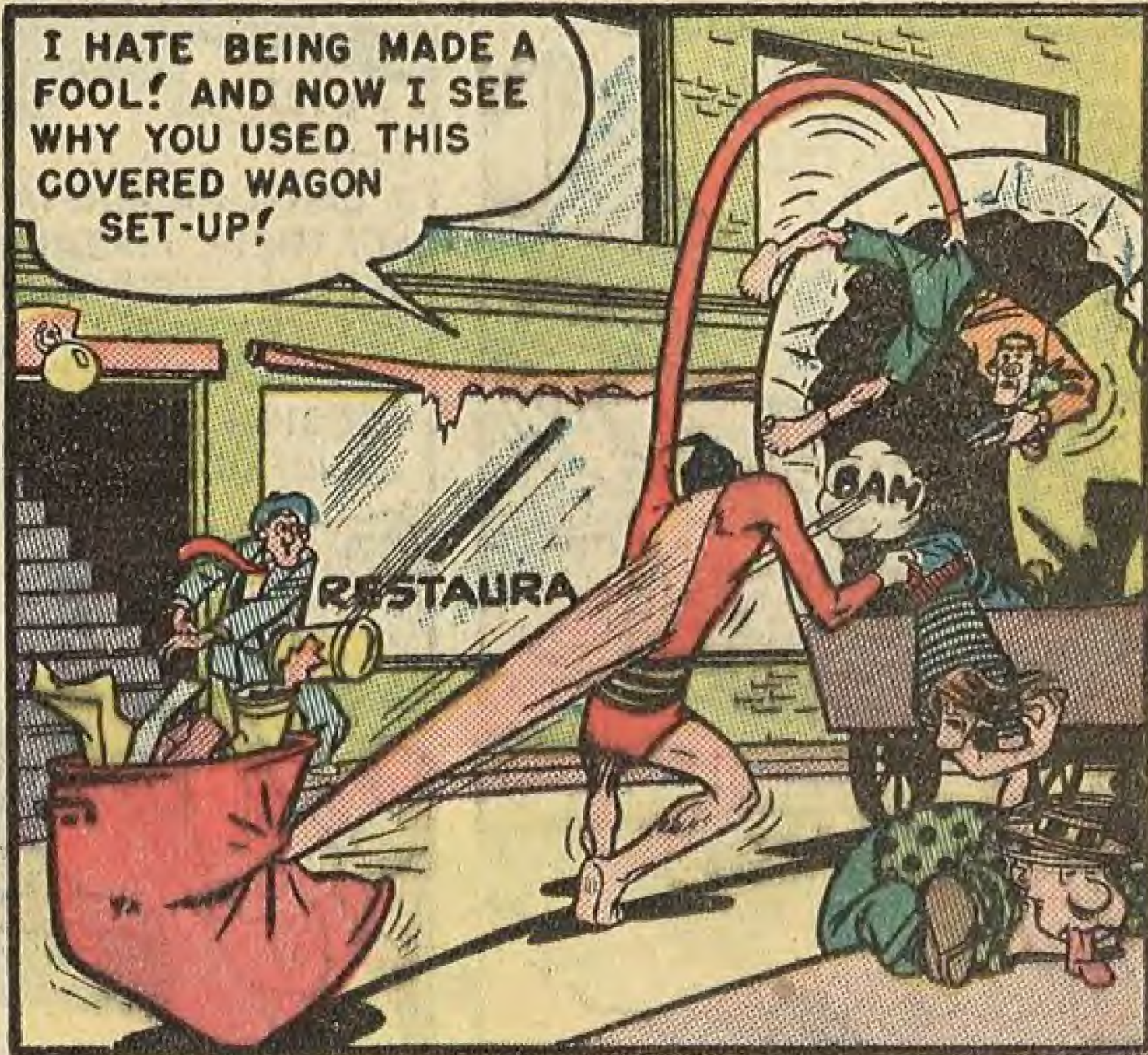
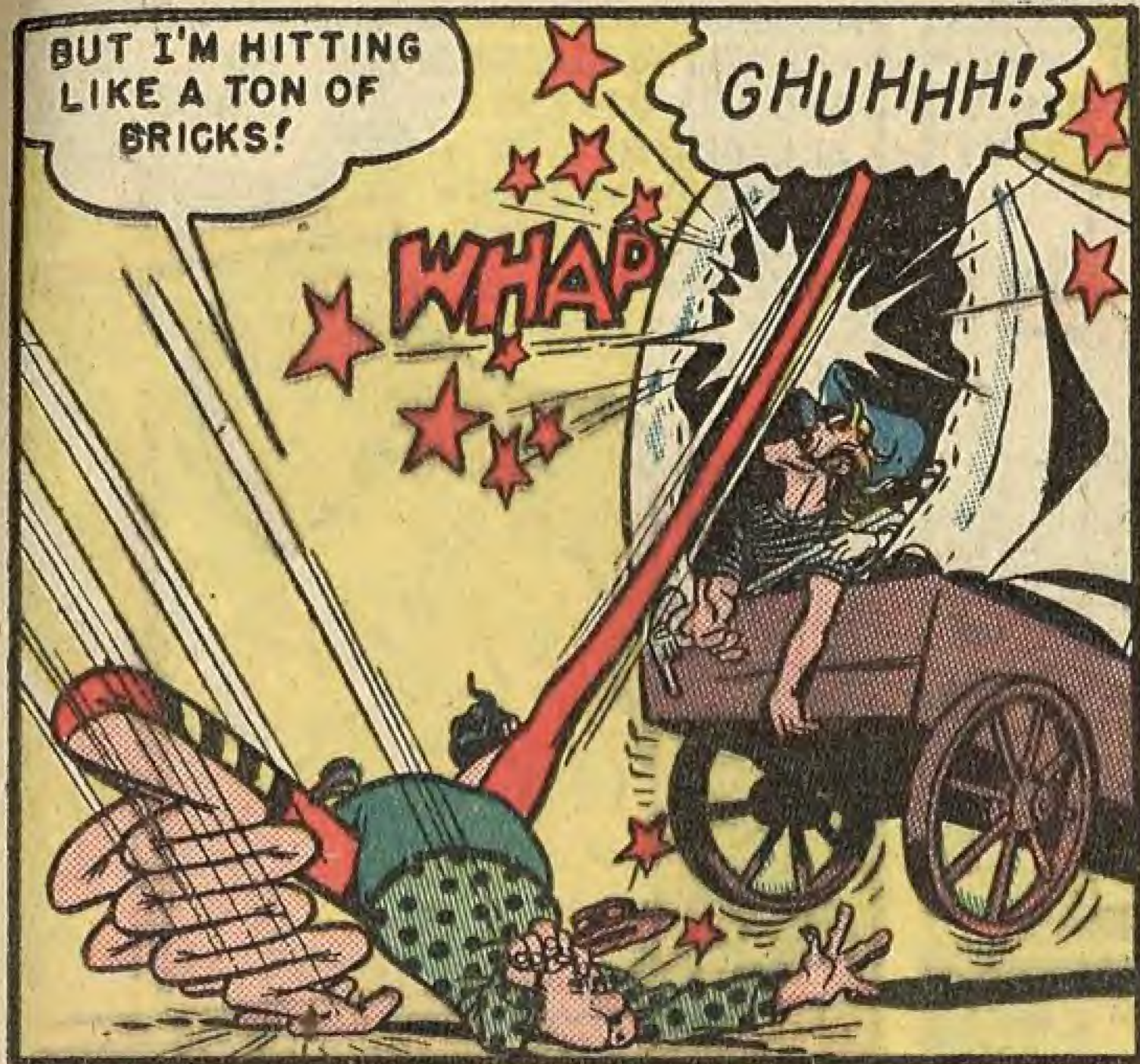


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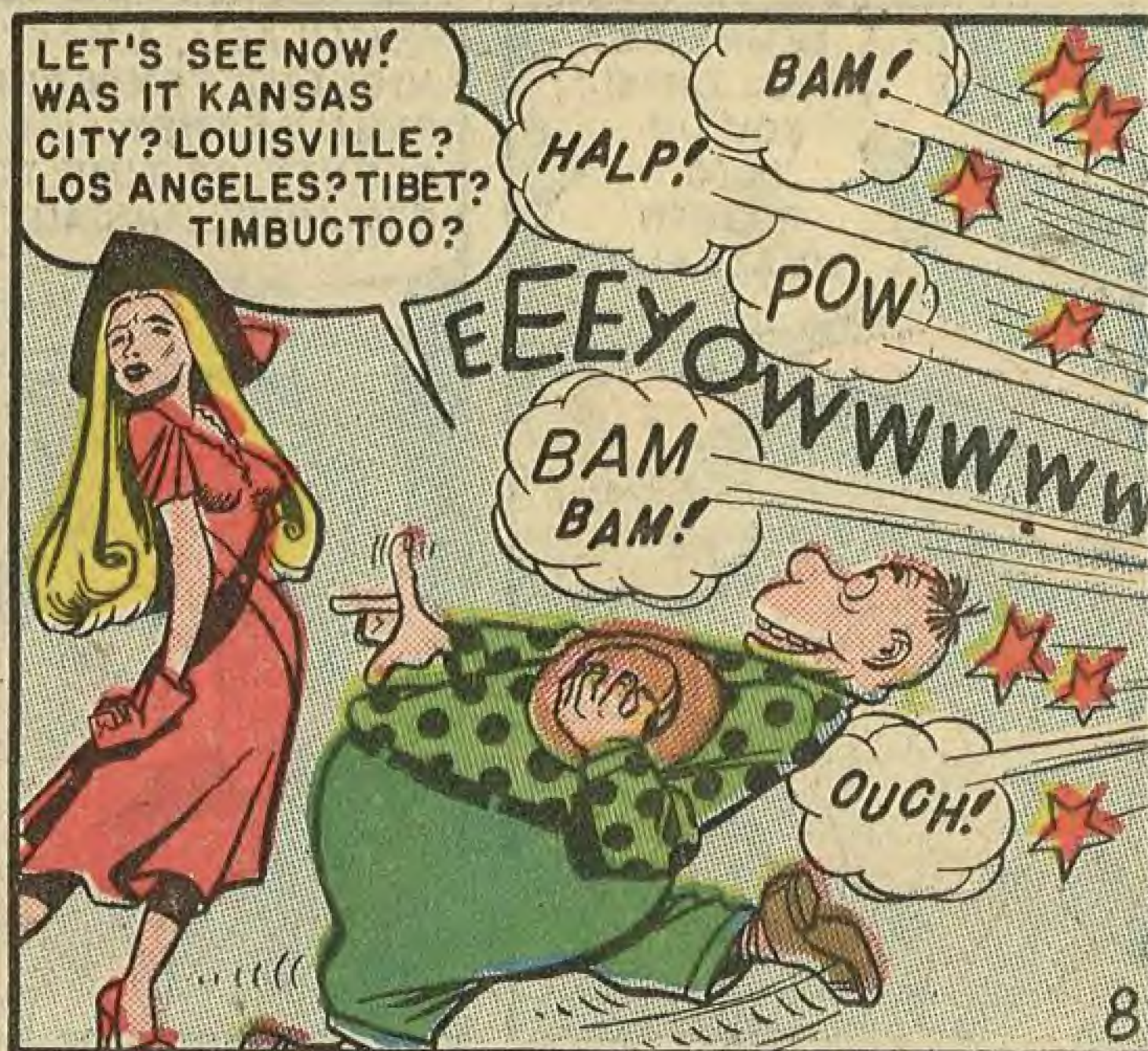
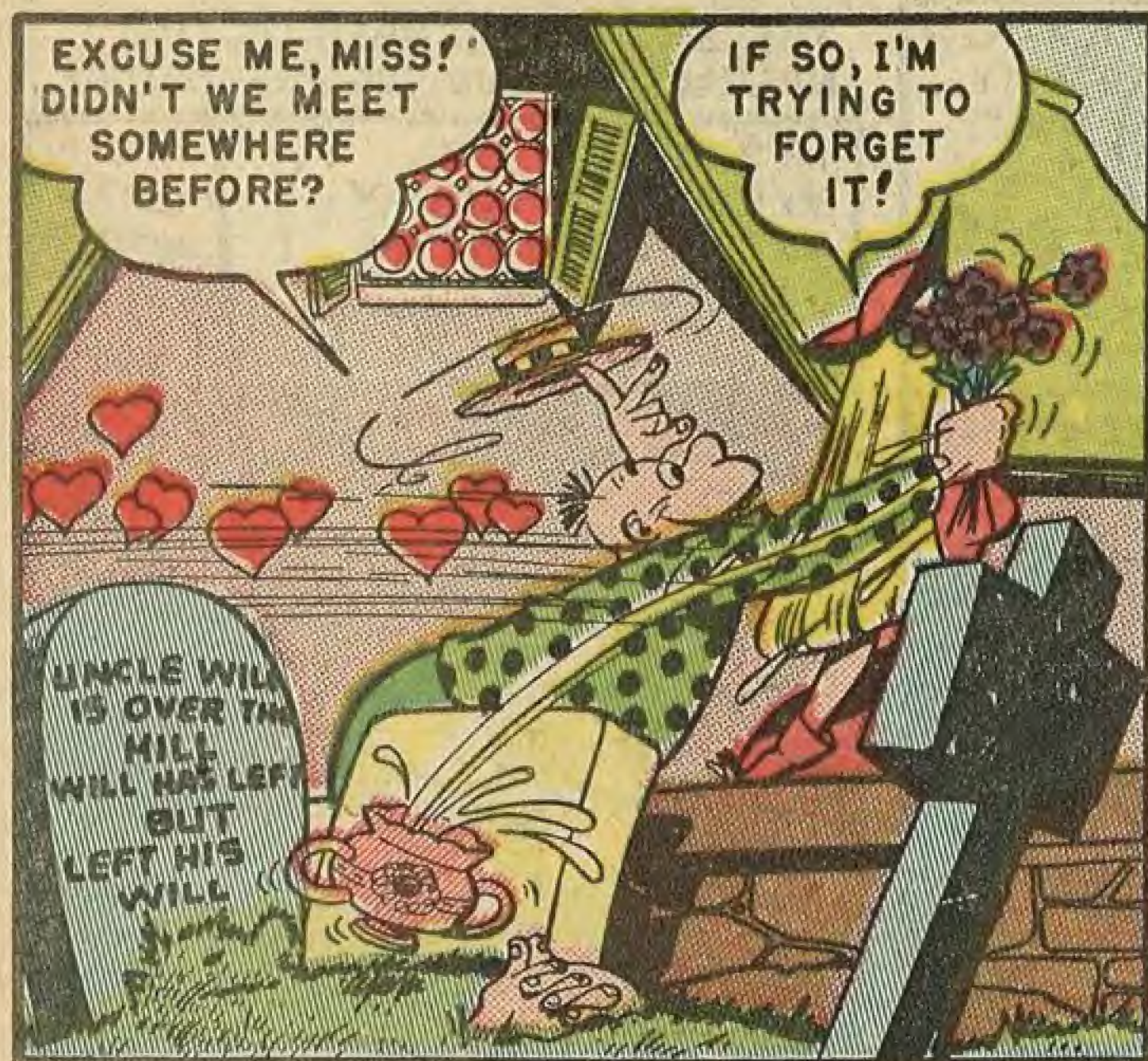
MEANWHILE, A SCENE OF DESPERATE BATTLE TAKES PLACE OUTSIDE THE BESIEGED FEDERAL BANK...

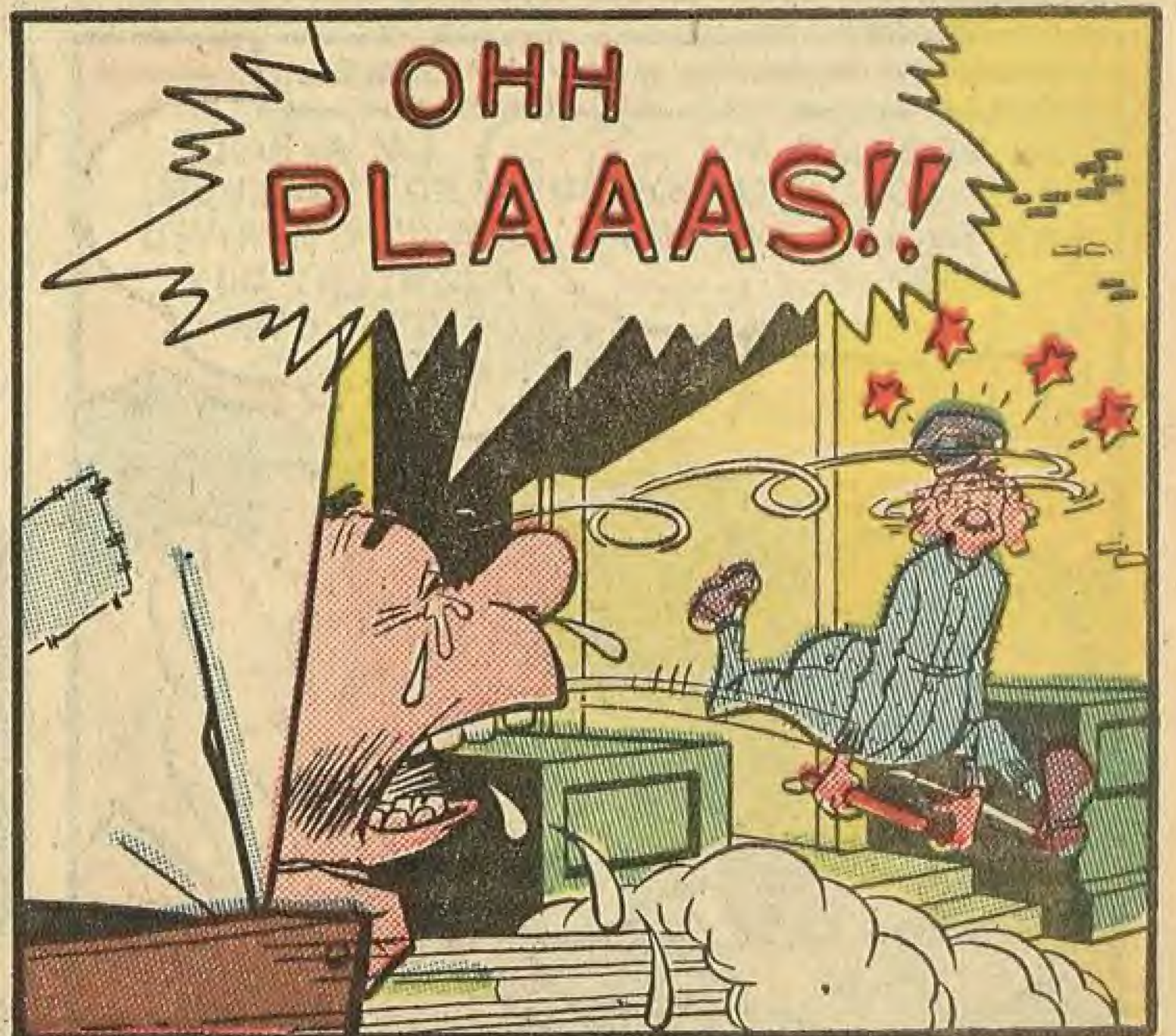


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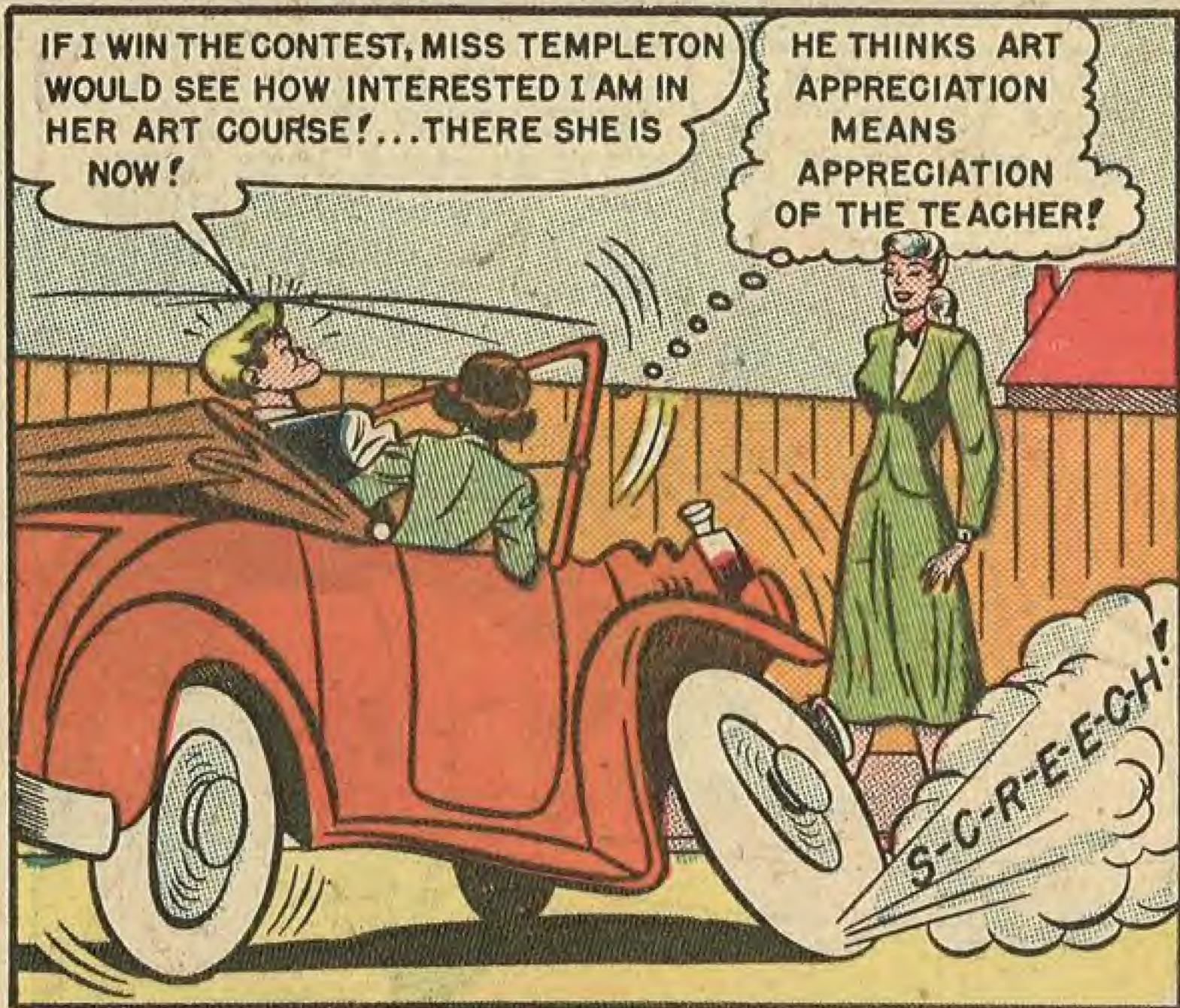
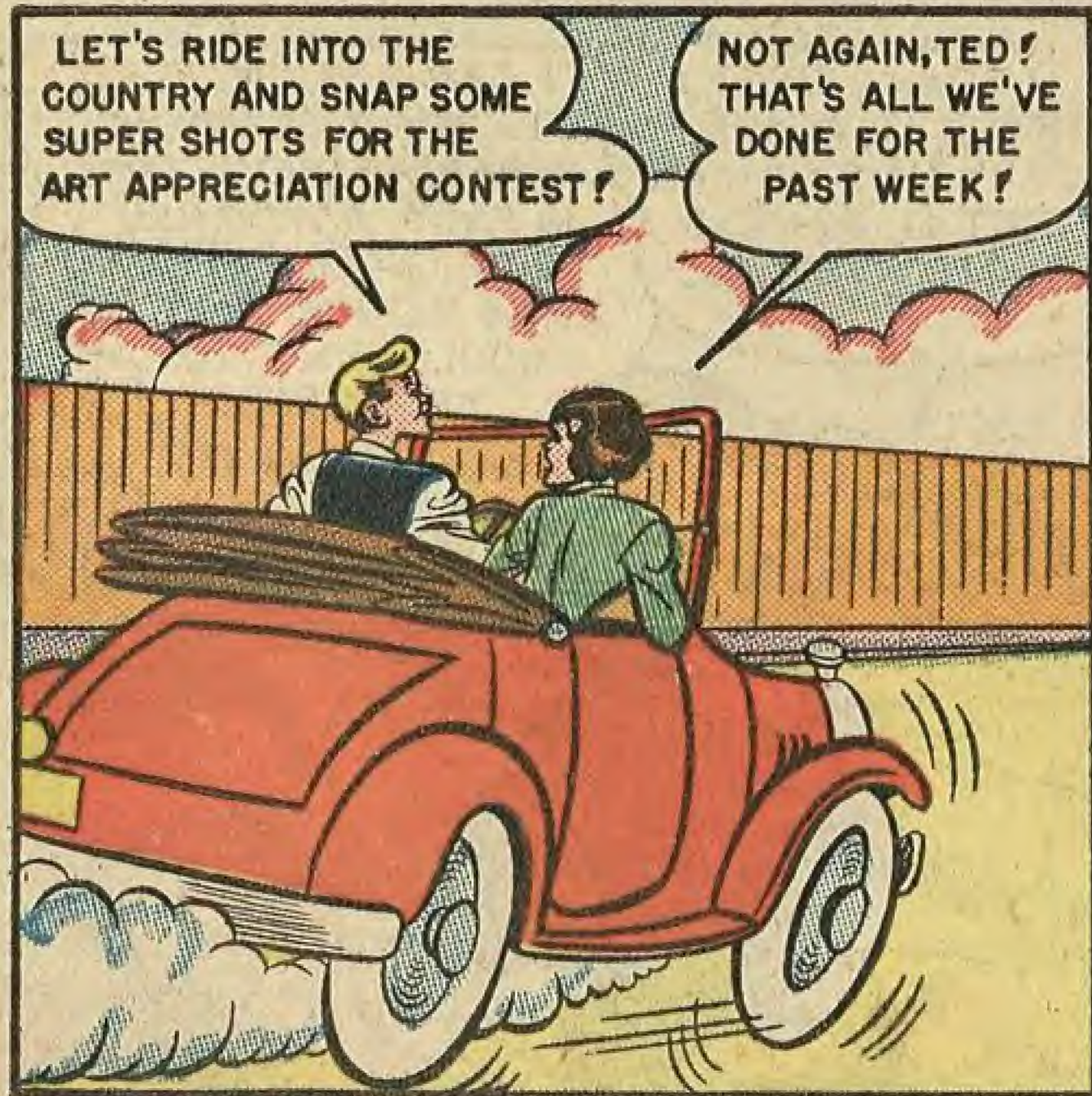
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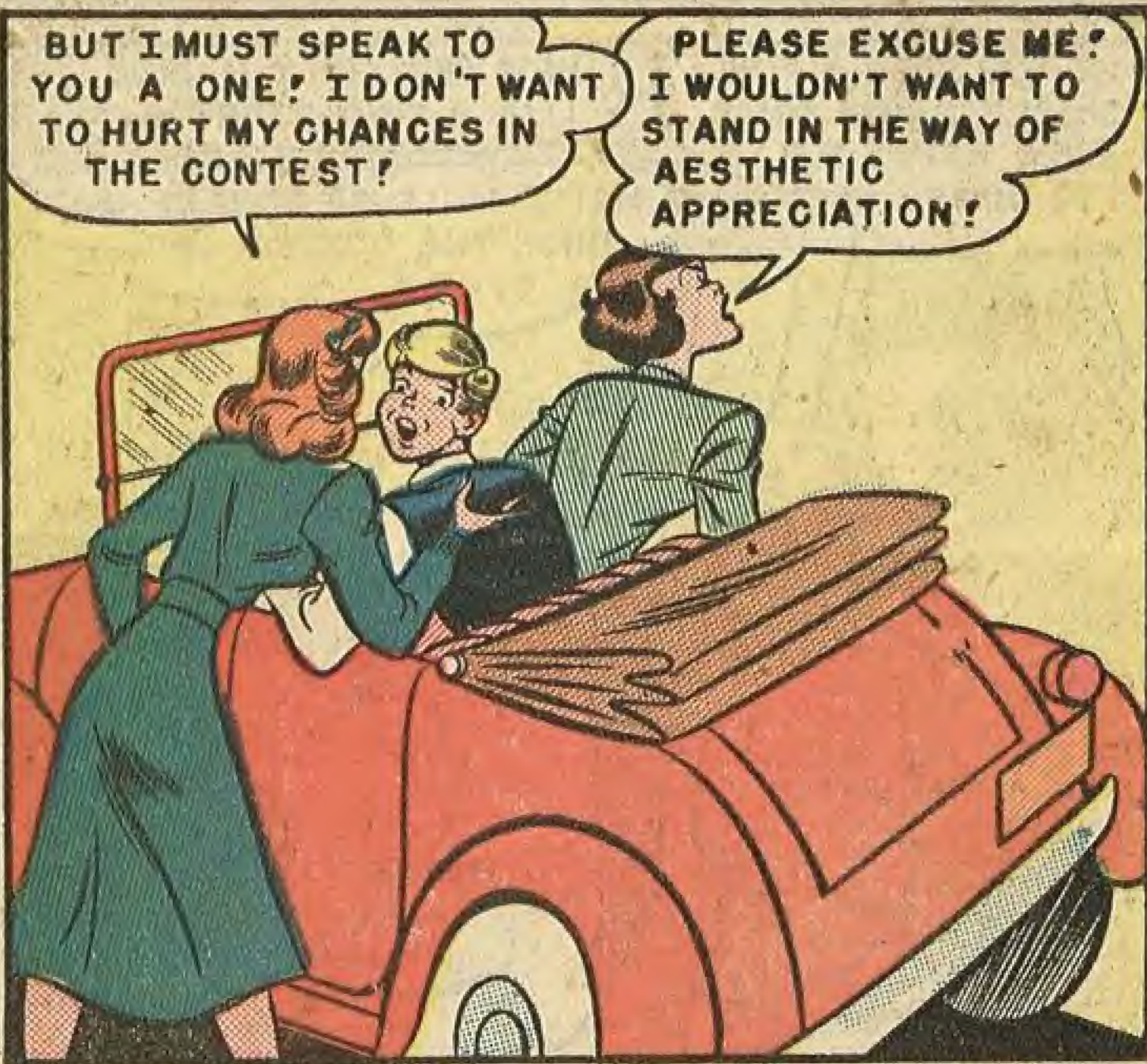
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CANDY



POLICE COMICS



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I'LL MAKE BELIEVE I'M RETURNING THIS BOOK TED LEFT AT MY HOUSE! IT'LL GIVE ME AN EXCUSE TO CALL ON HIM AND LEARN WHAT CORNELIA HAD IN MIND!



MAYBE I ACTED A LITTLE HASTY, LEAVING TED FLAT! HE'S SO GONE ON MISS T., HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING!



I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE, CANDY! MAYBE YOU CAN ENLIGHTEN ME ABOUT TED!

HELLO, MRS. DAWSON!

I'D LIKE TO ENLIGHTEN TED!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF IT! ON A COLD DAY LIKE THIS TED PUT ON HIS BATHING TRUNKS AND WENT OUT IN THE BACK YARD!

GOSH! I SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT HIM! HE'S CRACKED UP!



SWELL OF YOU TO THINK OF THIS, CORNELIA! WE'LL HAVE TO DEVELOP THE PICTURE OURSELVES SO MISS TEMPLETON WILL HAVE IT FOR THE CONTEST!

NOT ONLY WILL SHE BE IMPRESSED BY YOUR PHYSIQUE, BUT I'LL PROBABLY WIN THE CONTEST!

AND DEAR CANDY WILL BURN UP SOME MORE!



HE WAS SUCH A FINE, SIMPLE BABY! WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO HIM?

HE'S CERTAINLY MAKING LIKE A SIMPLETON!

MAYBE HE'LL BE HIMSELF AGAIN ONCE THE CONTEST IS OVER!



THE NEXT AFTERNOON...

HERE ARE OUR ENTRIES, MISS TEMPLETON! ART APPRECIATION WASN'T INTERESTING UNTIL YOU BECAME THE TEACHER!

YOU'RE A DEAR, TED!

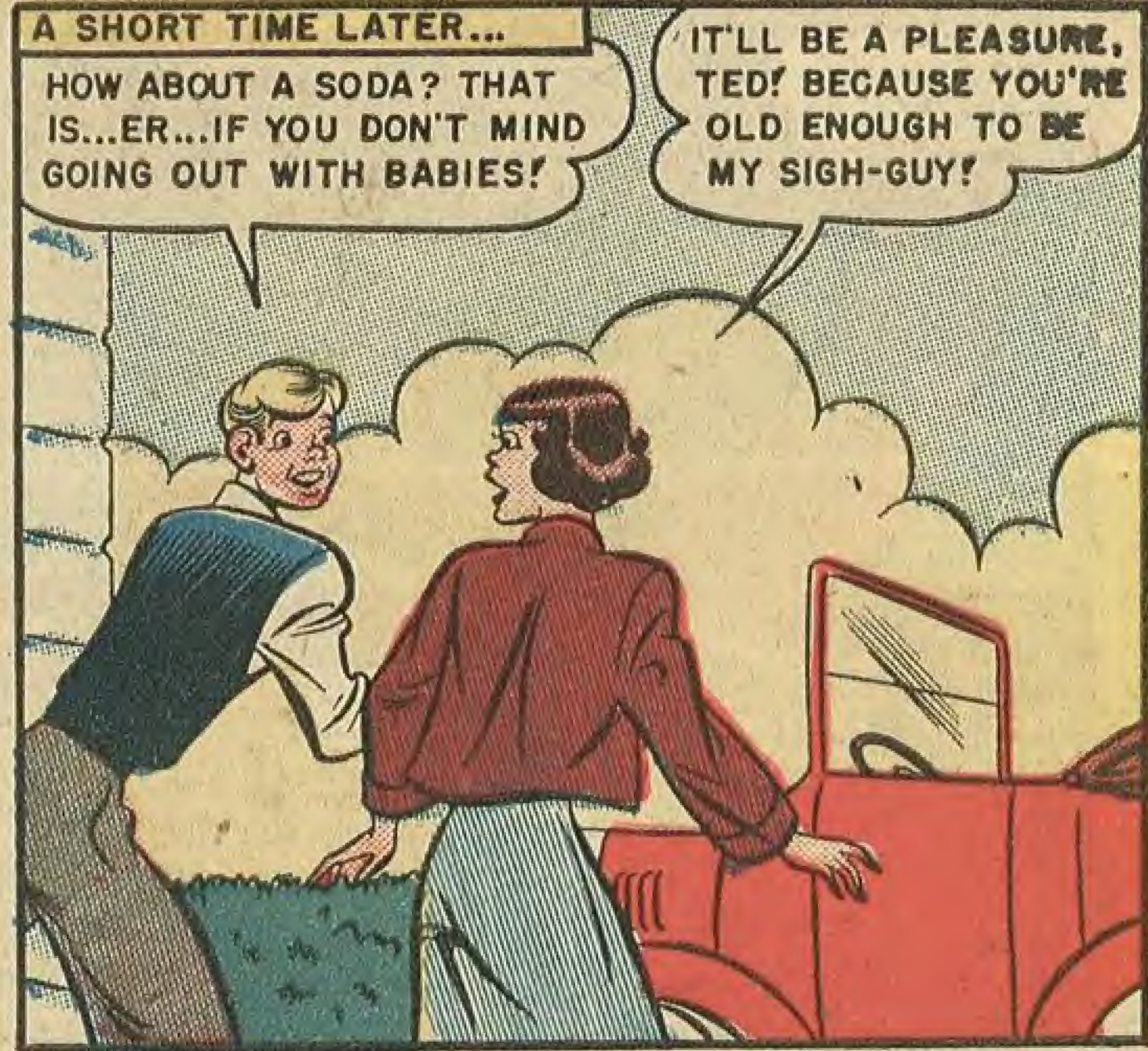
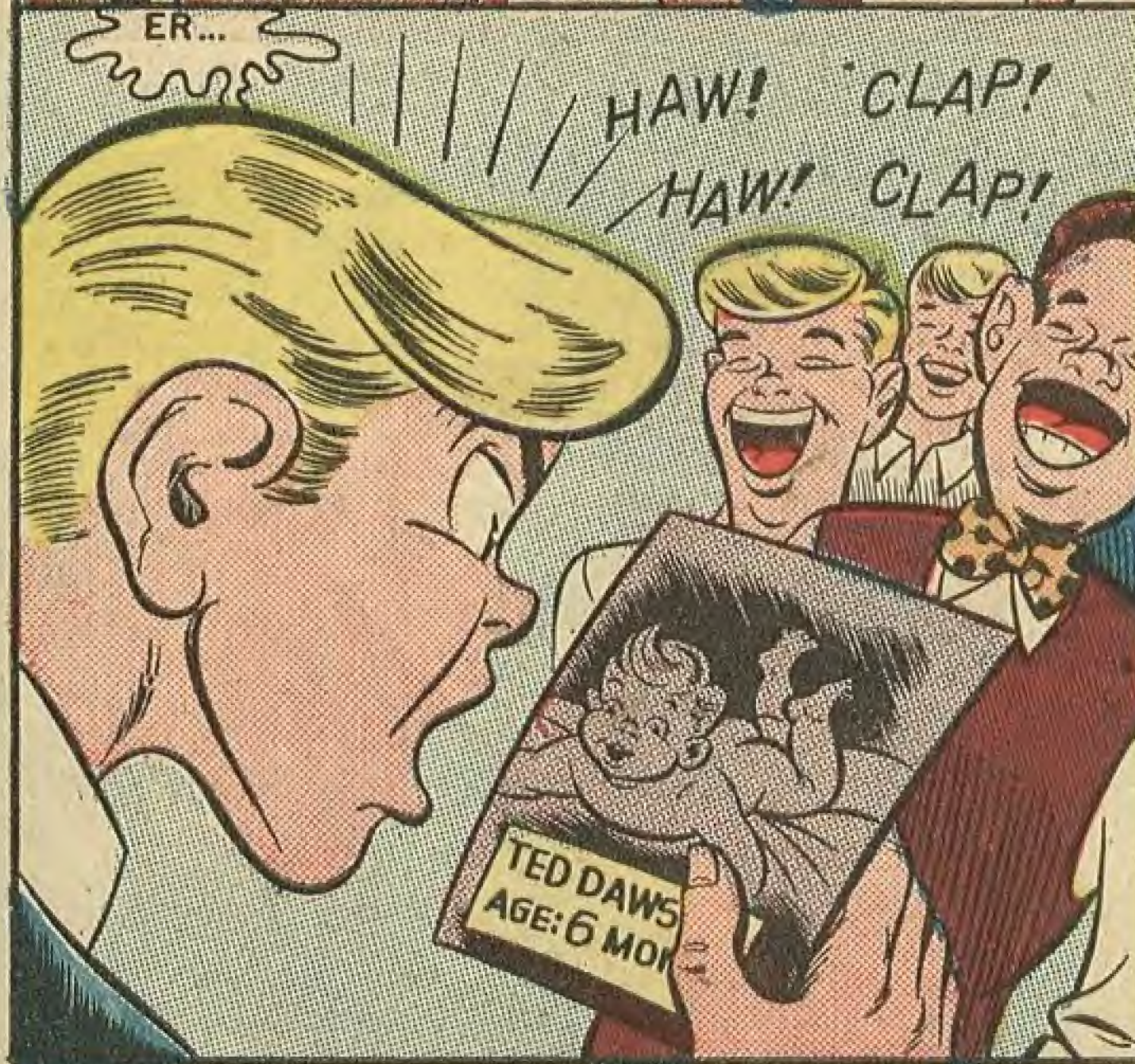
I'D BETTER DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE WAY THIS BOY LOOKS AT ME!

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Columbus
CIRCA 1492



De Soto



Magellan



Peap

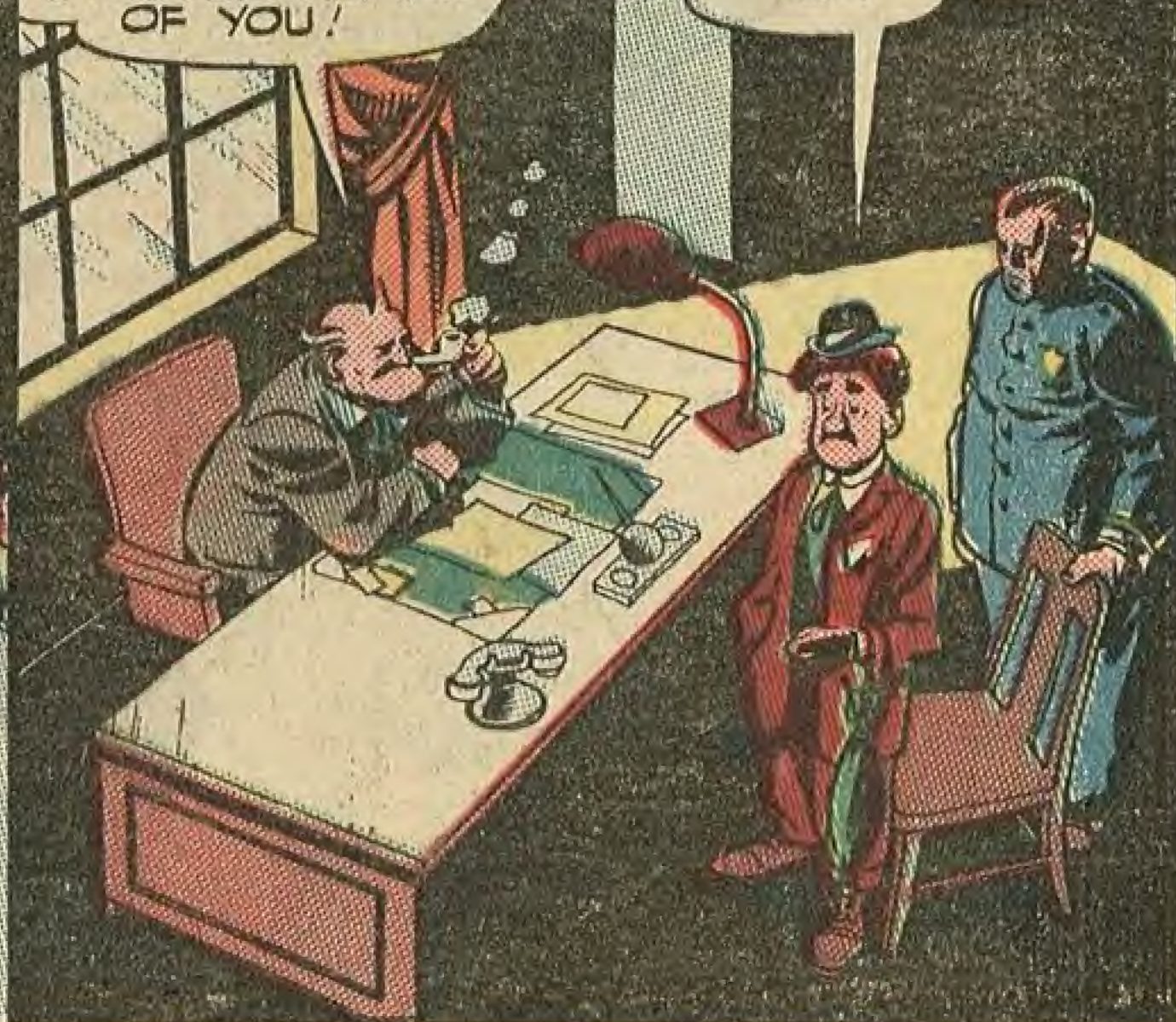
THE Spirit

BY WILL EISNER

...AND YOU MIGHT SAY IT ALL BEGAN IN COMMISSIONER DOLAN'S OFFICE...

ARTEMUS PEAP?
ARTEMUS PEAP?
I NEVER HEARD
OF YOU!

OF COURSE NOT!
I'M NOT FAMOUS
YET!



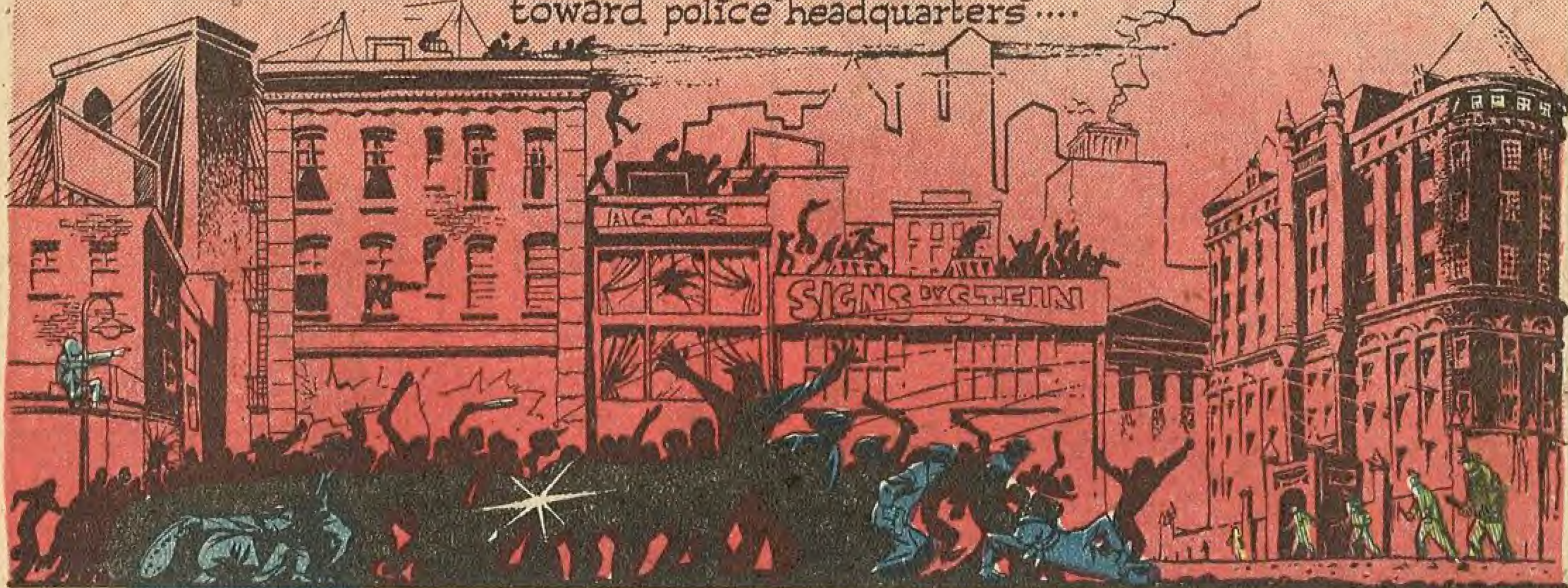
Soon, soon, earthpeople will travel to other planets... you can bet your shirt on it! First to leave, of course, will be the explorers, like Columbus, De Soto and Magellan in their era. Well, we hereby notify historians of the first interplanetary explorer, one Artemus Peap.....





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...and true to **ARTEMUS PEAP'S** word the phantom gang moves up...like a locust invasion they seem to appear from nowhere...out of old houses...up from the sewers...until at last they form a mighty armed body, and swarm forward toward police headquarters....



LEFTY, THE GYP!
HE ESCAPED FROM
JAIL SIX MONTHS
AGO....

AND LOOK! THERE'S
CARSON SCRACH, THE
HATCHET SLAYER WE'VE
BEEN TRAILING FOR
SIX YEARS!



Suddenly the thieves halt....for the first time they realize that the retreating police have been **FOLLOWING A PLAN!**

IT'S A
TRAP!!

LET'S GET
OUTA HERE!

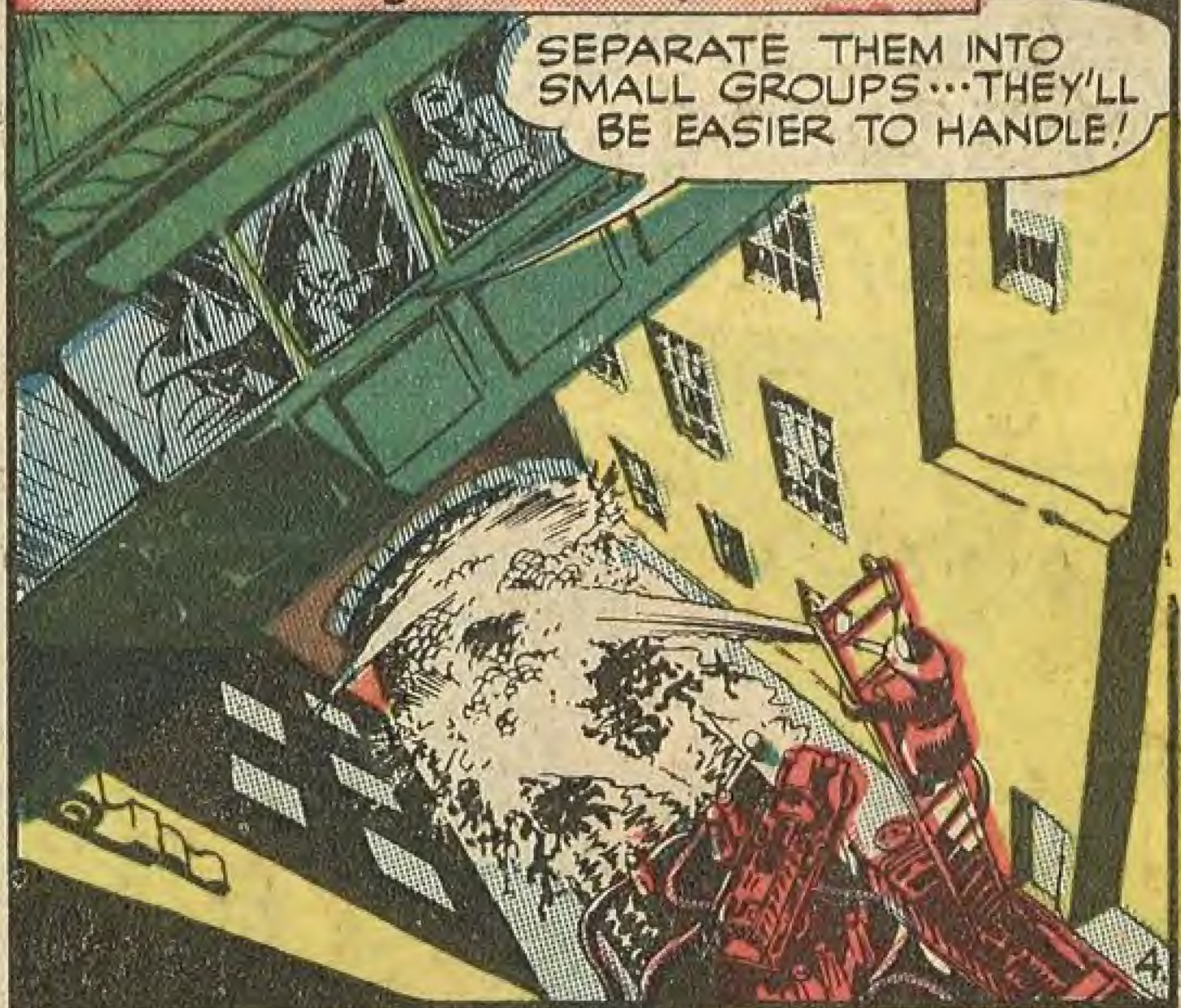
NO!!
SPREAD
OUT!

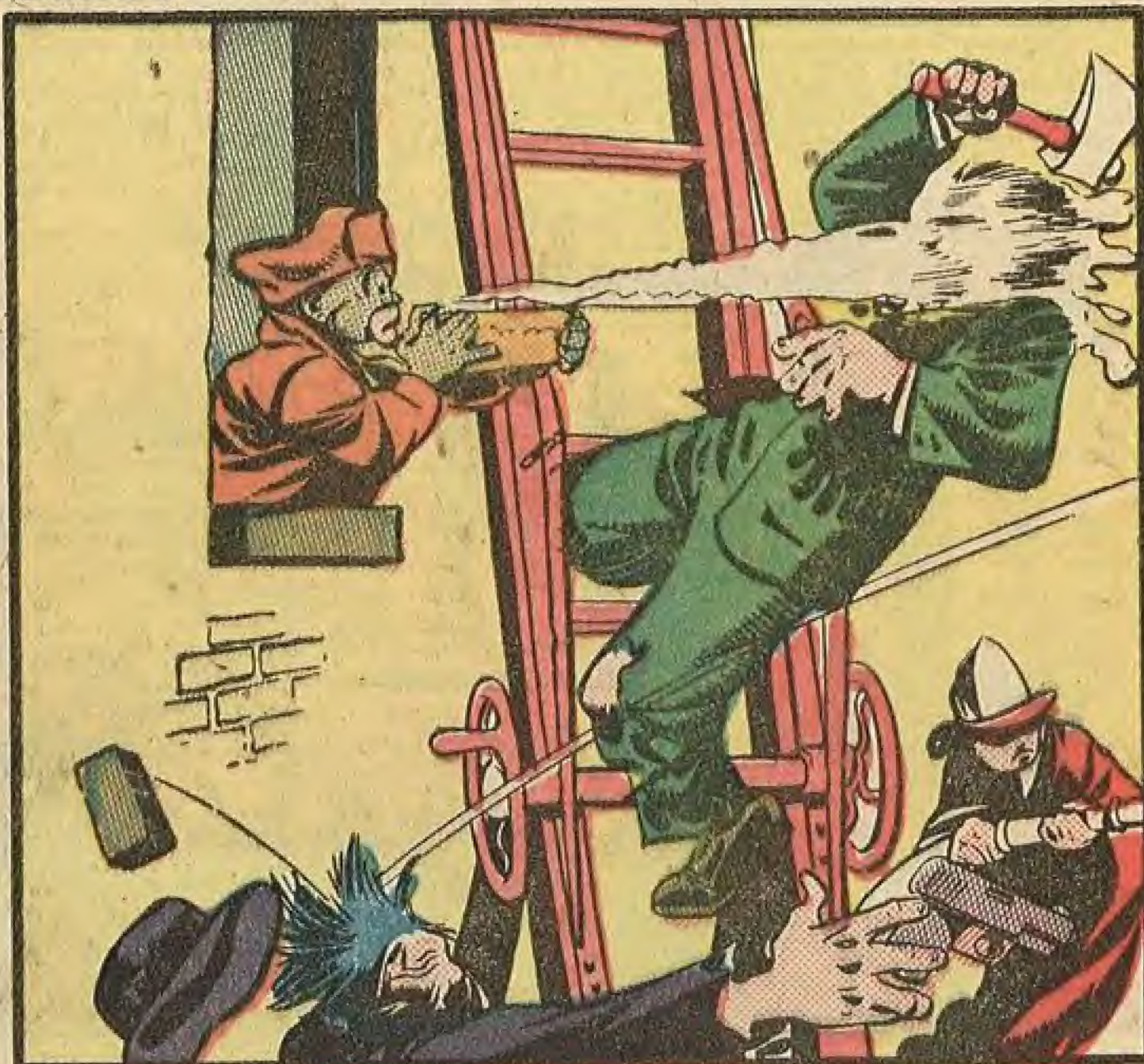
G*x!!#*!!



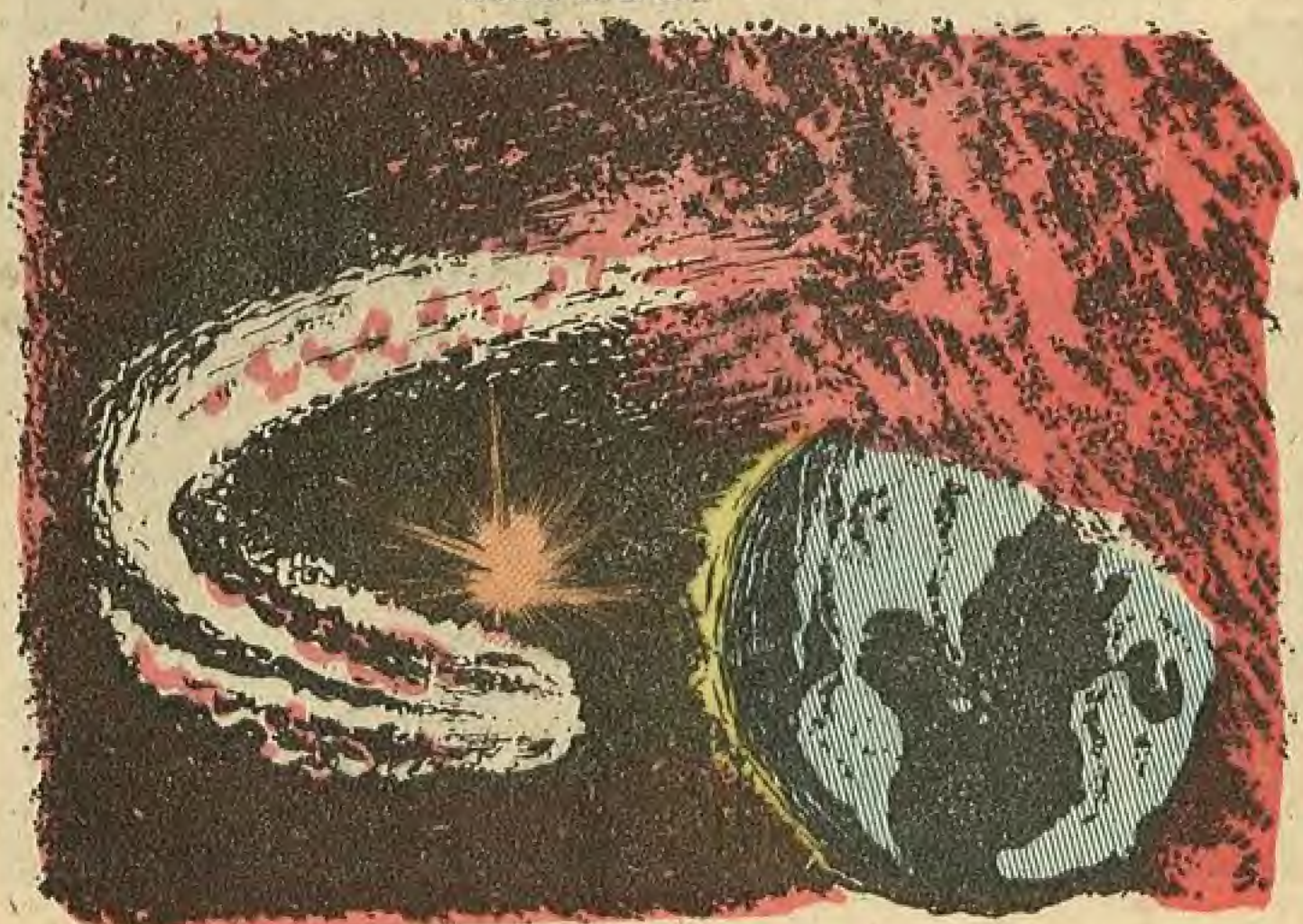
...and as they turn in panic

SEPARATE THEM INTO
SMALL GROUPS...THEY'LL
BE EASIER TO HANDLE!





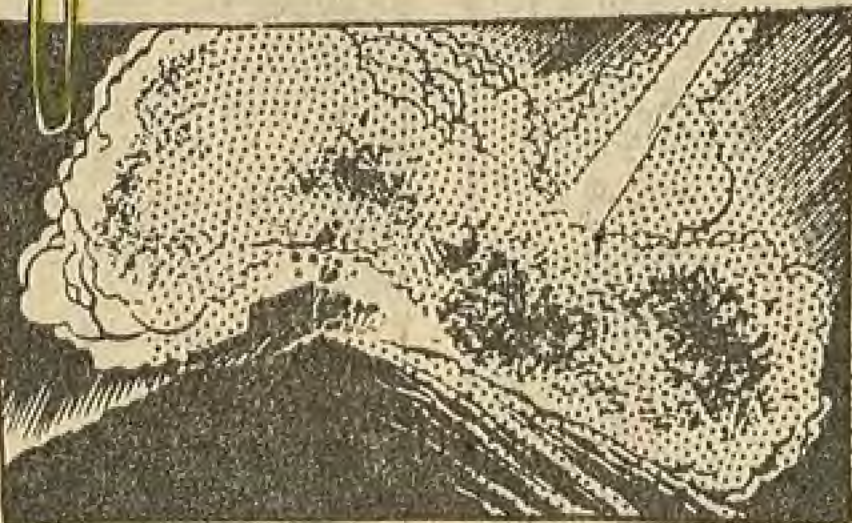
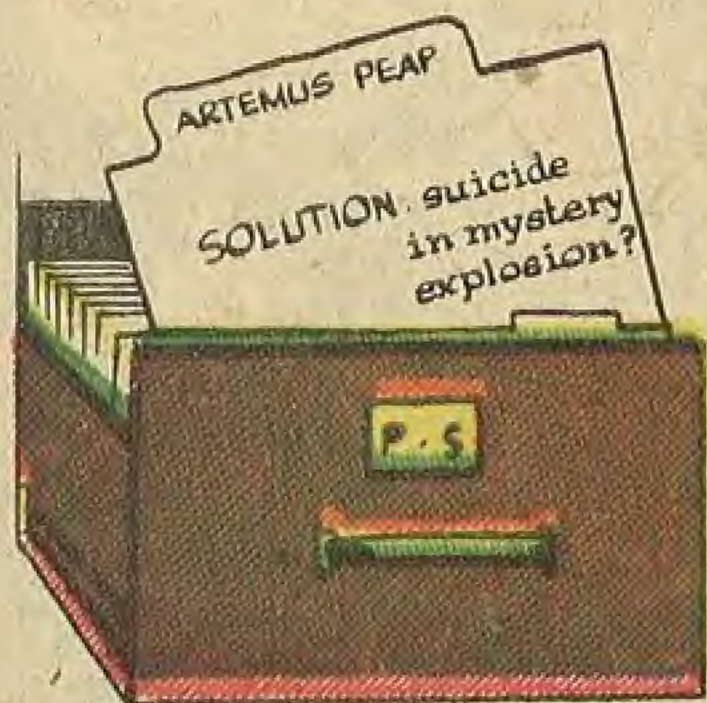
At that moment, somewhere in outer space, a planet whirling in its orbit flings off a tiny particle which bullets earthward in the form of a meteor





THE REST OF THE STORY WE SUBMIT IN THE FORM OF DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE NOW RESTING IN THE FILES!

YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS OURS!

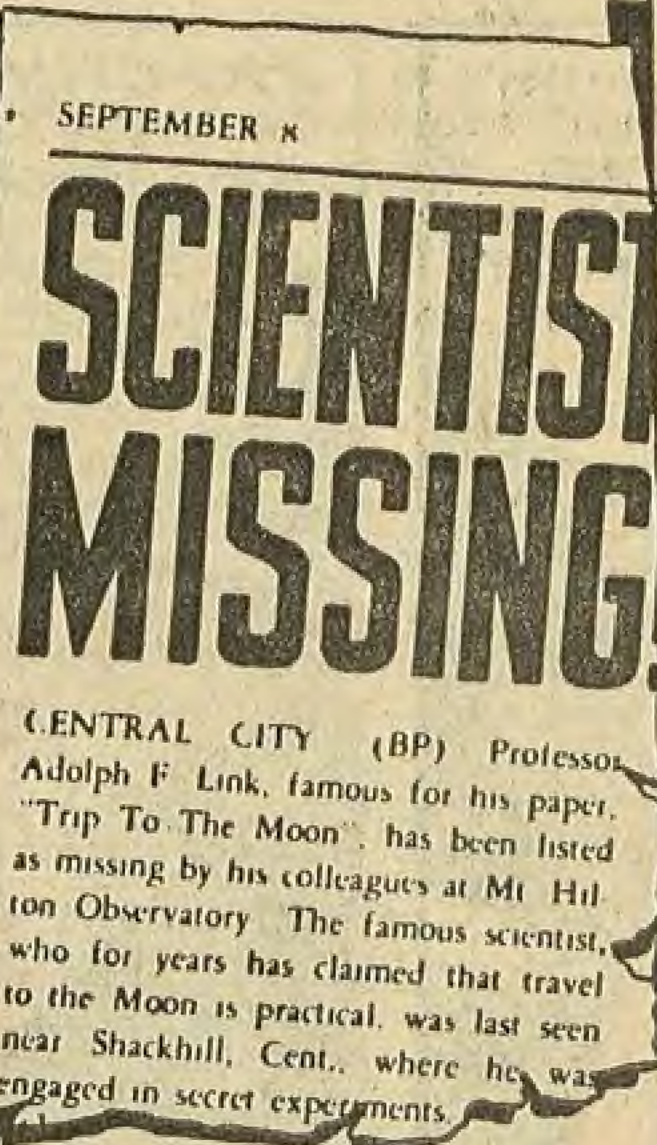
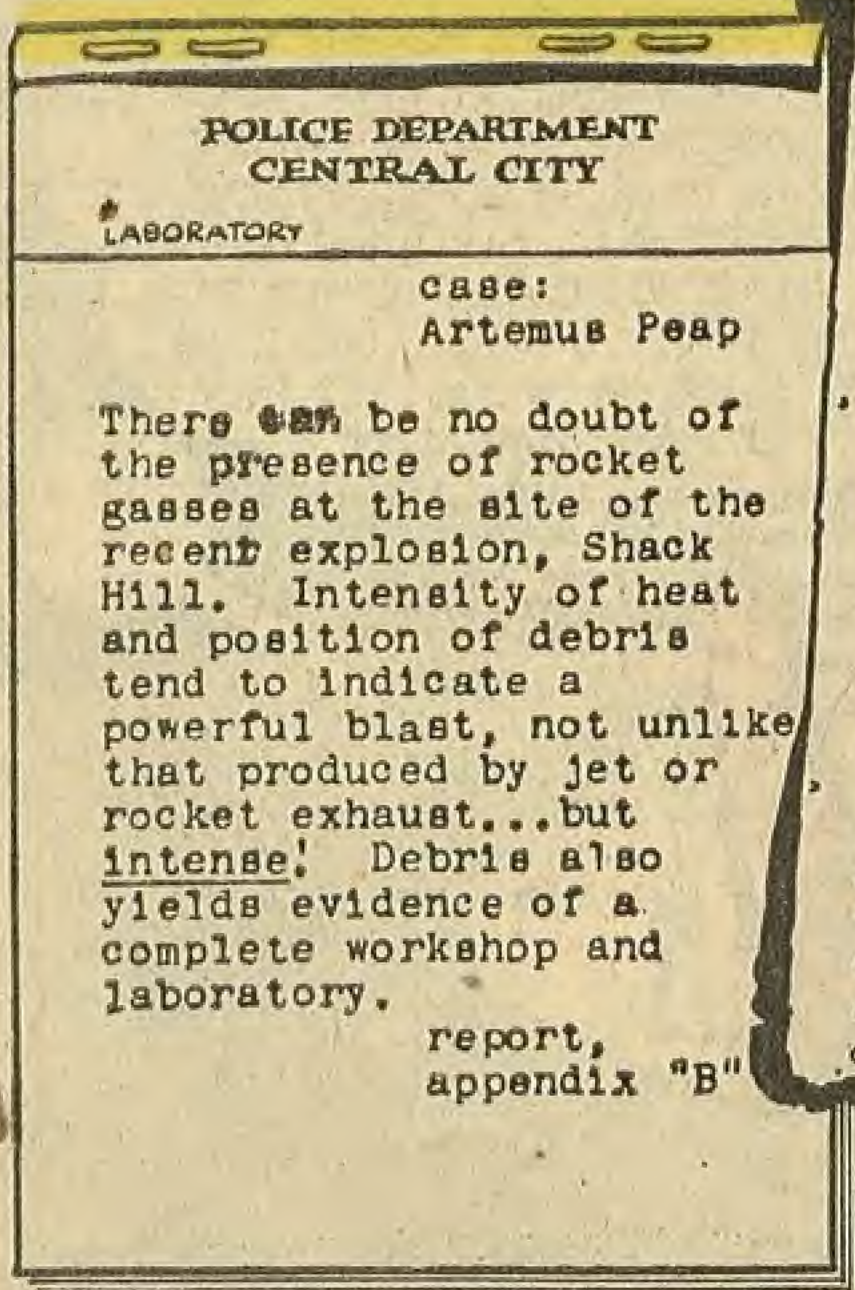
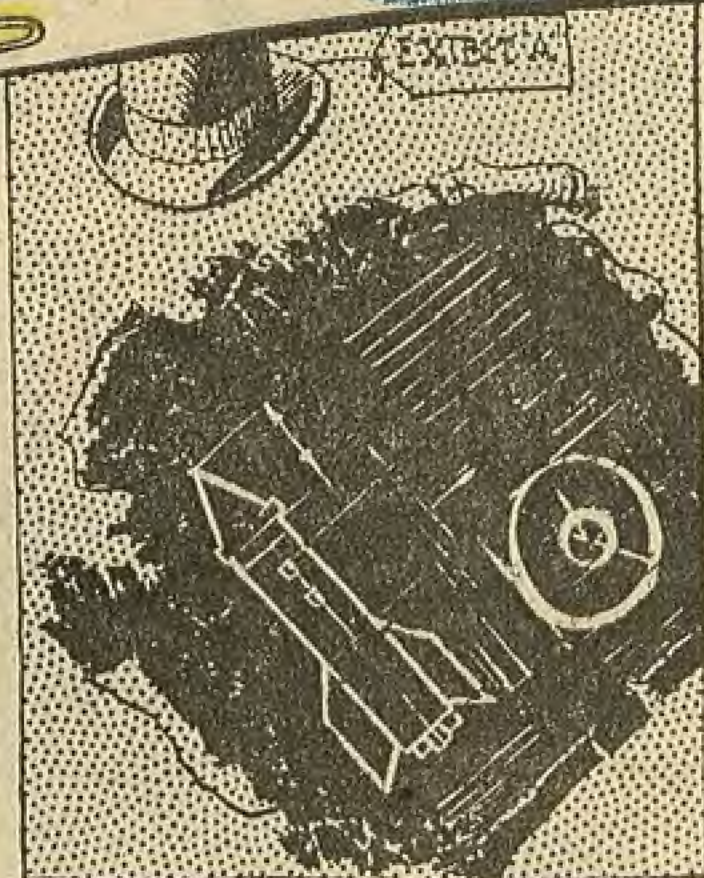


When we arrived within view of the house a mighty explosion occurred. The above photo was taken at 10:15 by Central City news photographer. Note unexplained trail skyward at upper right.

E.P. Dolan
E.P. Dolan
Commissioner,
Central City

official report, file#6

Hot found in the ruins belongs unquestionably to Artemus Peap. Charred blueprints are remarkably accurate plans for a rocket ship.



Tottering Genius

THE CHIEF slammed a heavy fist down on his desk. "Plastic Man, The Genius gets out of jail today, and he's sure to return to his old criminal ways."

"I'll watch for him at the prison gates and stay close, but out of sight, just to see what he's up to," Plastic Man promised.

At two that afternoon the prison gates opened and the little high-domed figure of The Genius bounced out.

Presently a car drove by and The Genius hopped in beside two big-chinned thugs, members of his former gang. Plastic Man, disguised as a red spare tire on the back, went along.

Later, in his room at a swank hotel, The Genius grinned to himself. "Those idiots of the FBI," he sneered aloud. "Let them tail me and watch me. I've got more brains in my little finger than that dope, Plastic Man, has in his whole wiggly body."

But Plastic Man, now disguised as a throw rug on the hotel room floor, only grinned to himself.

There was a knock at the door. It was one of the thugs. "Boss, we got a present for you. Bring him in, Shakey."

The other dragged in the bound and gagged figure of Woozy Winks. "We found Plastic Man's fat stooge pussyfooting around outside."

"Lock him in the closet and get out," The Genius shrilled, "I've gotta start planning our next job."

The bound and helpless Woozy was shoved into a closet. Plas, sliding in under the door, hissed Woozy to silence and curled up beside him, chuckling. After a few minutes The Genius opened the closet door to check on his quarry. He screamed at the sight of two Woozy Winks, side by side, identical in appearance. His screech brought the thugs running back from down the hall.

But when they peered in, Plastic Man had vanished into a crack and the real Woozy lay helpless by himself. The biggest thug, Maxie, eyed The Genius with narrowed eyes. "If I was you, Boss, I'd go somewhere for a nice, long rest. That hitch in the pen can knock a guy with your brain for a loop, sort of."

When the gang had gone down to their room, at the other end of the hall, The Genius threw himself on the bed.

The bed, with its bright red coverlet, swayed gently and then abruptly it tossed The Genius to the floor with a convulsive heave. He bounced up, half angry, half frightened. The bed sat quietly, and no amount of examination revealed anything wrong.

He whirled and snatched the telephone, which now seemed as red as the coverlet had been a mo-

ment ago. A voice whispered, "Your number, please?" The Genius shouted, "Get me room thirty."

The telephone squirmed in his hands and abruptly slammed him in the eye. He jumped up, shaking, terrified.

The Genius sat down cautiously on a chair and held his head. Something terrible had happened to him. Those months in prison must have made him stir-crazy. He was seeing things that couldn't exist. If his mob got wind of this, he would be all washed up as a leader of crime. They would lose their respect for him.

"I've got to do something," The Genius moaned. "I'll call them and outline my new crime scheme. That will show them I'm no dope."

This time nothing disturbed his call. In a moment the gang filed in, eyeing their gray-faced leader warily. Looking carefully around, The Genius tried to recover his old habit of command.

"I've got a sure-fire scheme for robbing the Wirst National Bank," he barked. "It's simple for a mighty brain like mine."

"Yeah?" snapped Maxie. "And how about Plastic Man? He put you behind bars once. Let's hear about what you plan to do with him."

"That's simple," The Genius said. "We'll simply use Woozy Winks as hostage. If Plastic Man interferes, he'll get his pal back in little pieces."

"Okay, Boss," Maxie said, "but you better hit the hay for now."

Maxie started to leave and reached for the knob of the red door. The red door suddenly folded into a solid, terrifying figure and a massive fist grew out of the doorknob to slug Maxie head over heels.

"Game's over, boys," Plastic Man said cheerily. "Shall we fight here or go down to the station peacefully and admit an assortment of crimes, including murder and robbery?"

His fist slammed out again and again and thugs bounded off the walls like basketballs. The closet door burst open and Woozy Winks, wild-eyed and still draped with the ropes Plas had managed to loosen, burst into the room. The Genius was trying to flee out a window. Woozy hauled the frightened figure back and his own fist slammed The Genius across the room.

"That'll do, Woozy," Plastic Man said, his arm encircling the limp figures. "In his condition of terror, slugging The Genius any more would be sheer cruelty to helpless creatures. Let's take them to the Chief."

"Sure thing," said Woozy proudly. "We really did a good job in capturing the gang, Plas. What would you ever do without me?"

Manhunter



A SHABBY ROOM IN A SHABBY DISTRICT, SET UP AS A LABORATORY...

CANIS, YOU'RE THE CRAZIEST CROOK I EVER KNEW! YOU SAID THAT SERUM'S MADE FROM THE LIFE FORMULA OF *DOGS*! HOW WILL IT HELP YOU IF YOU GIVE YOURSELF A SHOT OF IT?

YOU'RE TOO STUPID TO UNDERSTAND, SO I WON'T TRY TO EXPLAIN!



ME, I WOULDN'T CARE FOR ANY DOG HABITS IN ME! I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT TALENTS THEY GOT, EXCEPT TO CHASE RABBITS!

THEY HAVE MANY TALENTS, MANY SENSES THAT HUMANS LACK!



FOR INSTANCE, DOG NATURE CAN DISCOVER TREACHERY IN A FRIEND...AS I DISCOVER IT IN *YOU*!

NO, CANIS! YOU GOT ME WRONG!



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OFFICER DAN RICHARDS IS WALKING HIS BEAT NEAR BY...

I DUNNO WHAT CAME OVER HIM! HE STARTED CALLING ME NAMES AND WENT FOR A GUN!

JUST RELAX AND LEAVE THIS TO ME!

DANGER AT HAND! I SENSE IT CLEARLY!

HE'S RIGHT IN THERE! LOOK OUT, HE'S DESPERATE!



TRAITOR, COWARD! I SUSPECTED IT, NOW I KNOW IT!

HELP! THERE'S A CRAZY GUY AFTER ME!



WHO'S IN HERE? SPEAK UP, I'M A POLICE OFFICER!

NO COWARDICE IN THIS STRANGER! I'D BETTER BE CAREFUL WITH HIM!



IS THIS ROOM EMPTY?

THE DOG NATURE HELPS ME TO MOVE SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY!



I HOPE THAT COP GRABS CANIS! A PLAIN, HONEST CROOK AIN'T SAFE WITH GUYS LIKE THAT AROUND!

I FEEL THE NEARNESS OF MY ENEMY...THE MAN WHO BETRAYED ME!



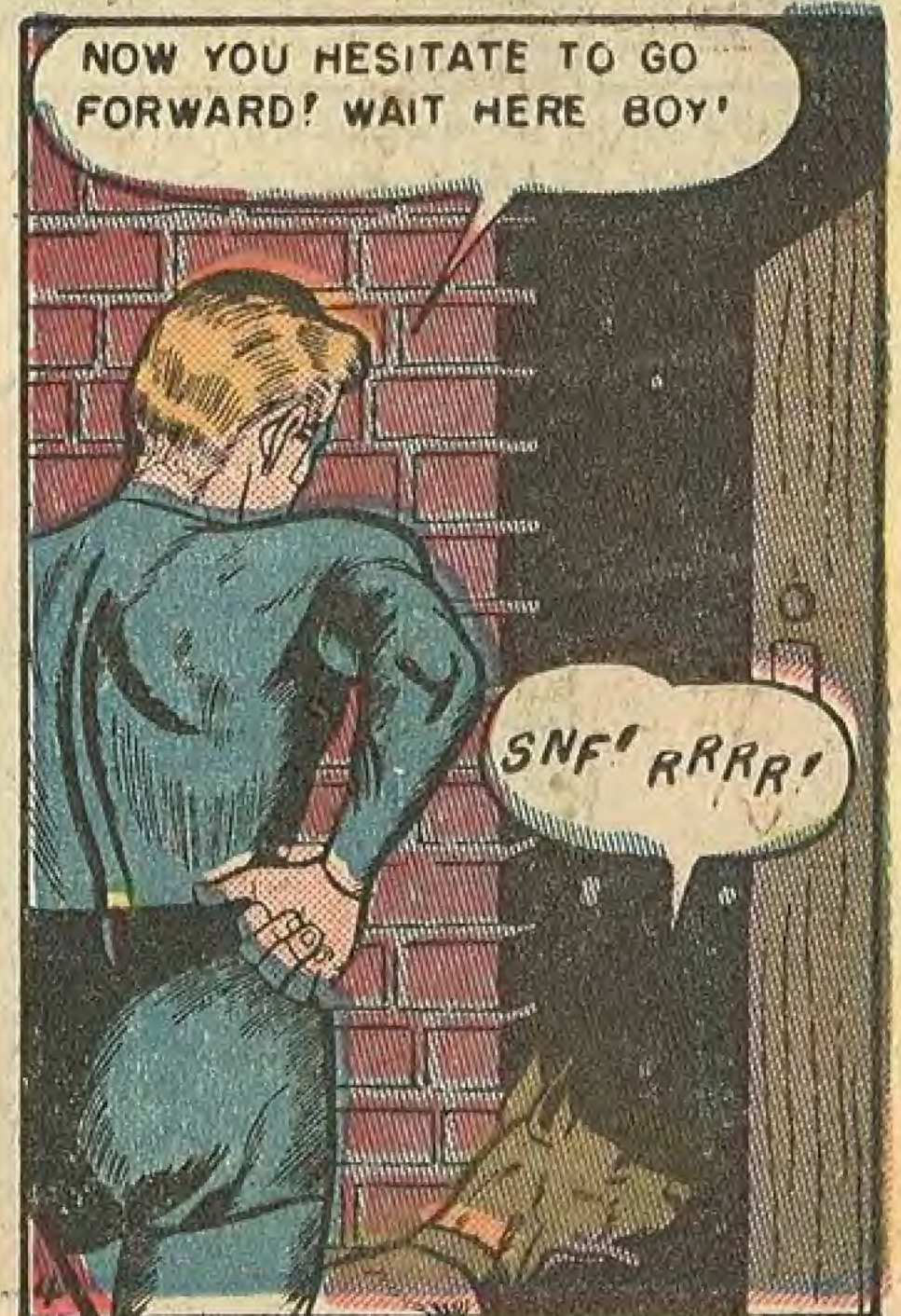
HELP! HELP! HE...OWW!

THE VOICE OF THE MAN WHO LED ME HERE!

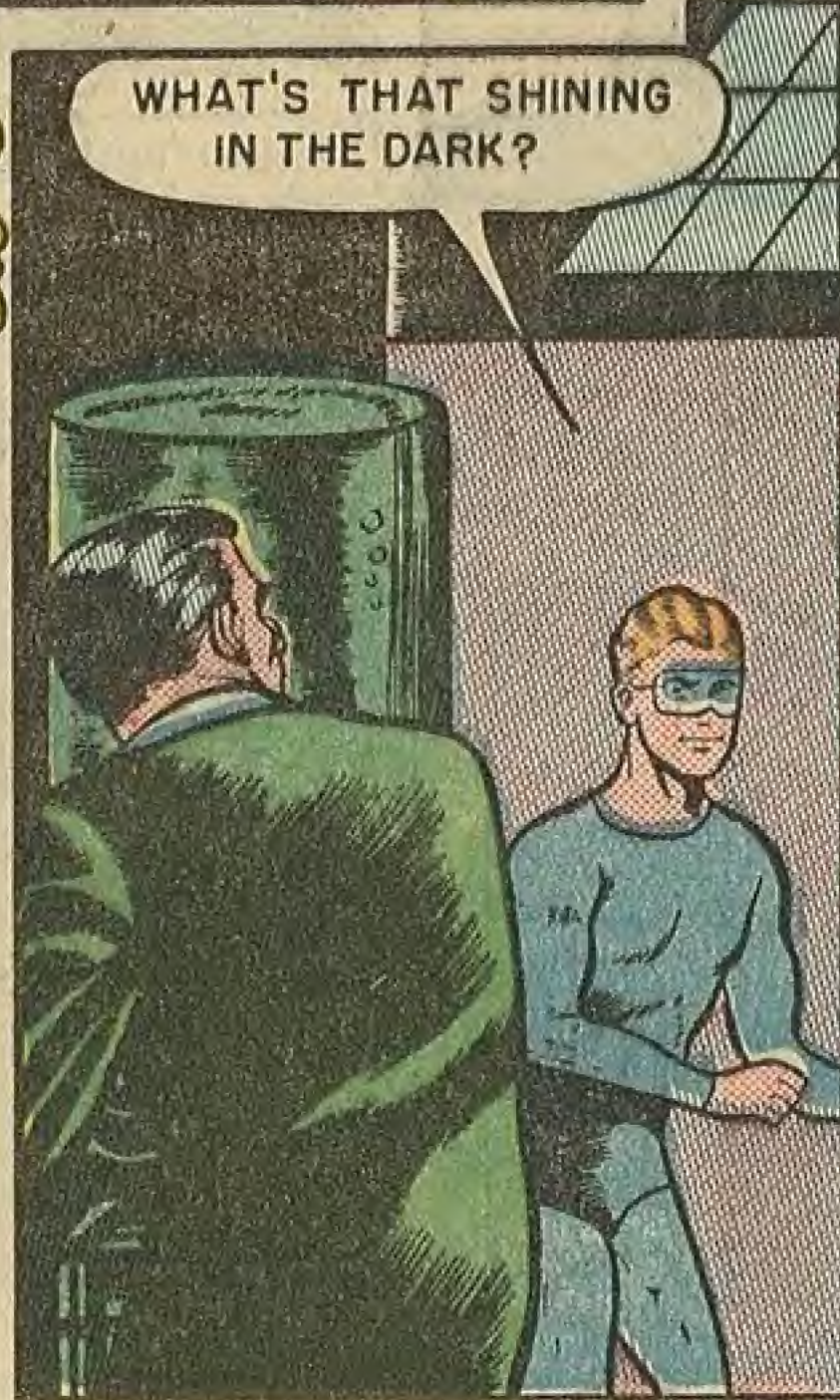
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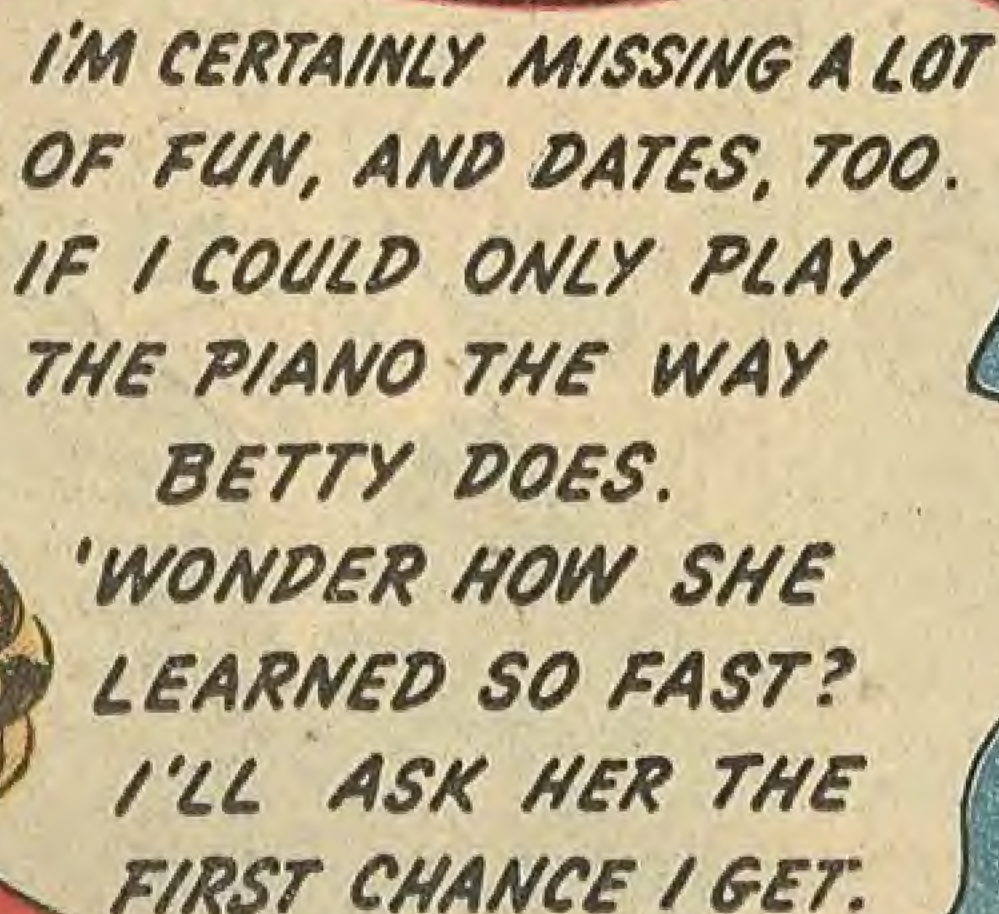
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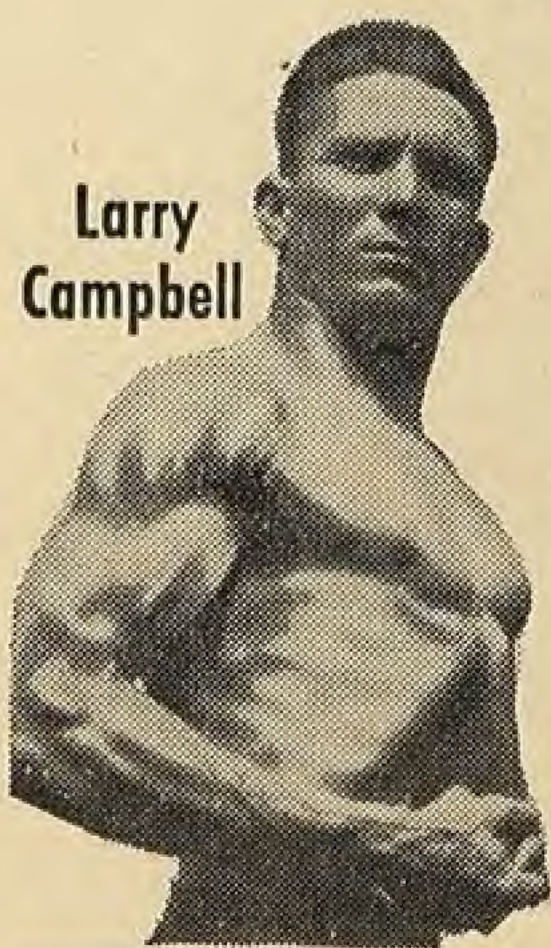
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BE POPULAR!**



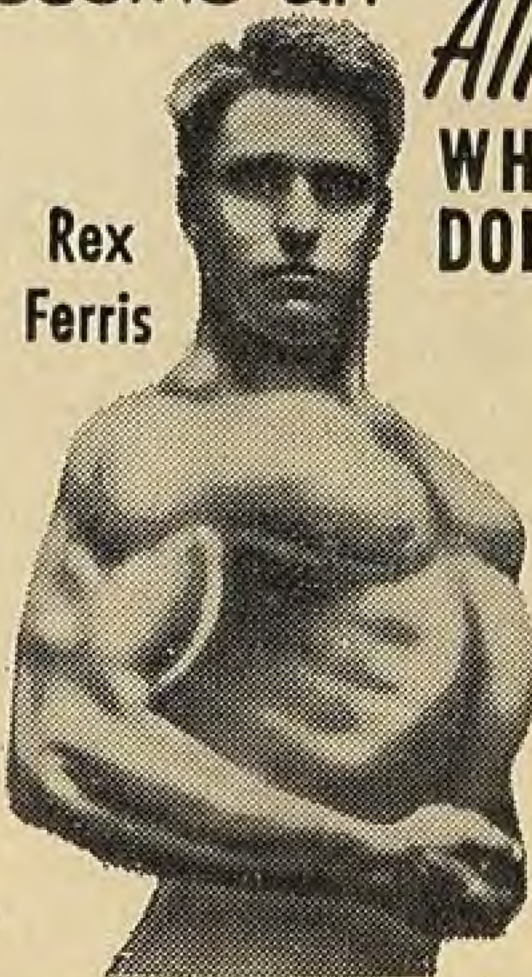
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Which of these 2 one time **WEAKLINGS** paid only a *Few Cents?* to become an **"All-Around" HE-MAN** at Home!



Larry Campbell



Rex Ferris

WHICH ONE PAID HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO TRAIN AT MY SIDE?

Rex Ferris, like you, paid only a few cents to start building into a champion all around He Man!

Rex mailed me a coupon as below. He was a skinny bag of bones. Today he is tops in athletics, strength, business.

Larry Campbell paid me hundreds of dollars to train at my side years ago. Now you can start building into an All Around He Man right at home with these same progressive power secrets for only a few cents—just as Rex Ferris did!

AMAZING

get acquainted offer!

Now All 5 Famous Jowett Complete Muscle Building Courses

YOUR LAST CHANCE

only **10c**

Instead of \$1.00

plus **FREE** MY PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN!

"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world!" says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director, Atlantic City.



Just a Few of the Records of

George F. Jowett

whom experts call the "Champion of Champions." • World's welterweight wrestling champion at 17 • World's weight lifting champion at 19 • Reputed to have the strongest arms in the world • Four times winner of the world's most perfectly developed body... plus many other world records!

Let's Go, Pal! I'll prove I can make YOU too

An **"ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN**

FAST—or it won't cost you a cent—
says George F. Jowett—World's Greatest Body Builder

HOW YOU CAN BE A **WINNER** AT ANYTHING YOU TACKLE WITH **PROGRESSIVE POWER**



DARLING, THAT BULLY WON'T PICK ON YOU AGAIN.



JOE WALLOPPED ANOTHER HOMER! HE'S SURE TO BE CAPTAIN NOW!



JOE YOUR NEW ENERGY AND APPEARANCE SURE DO A GOOD JOB! YOU EARNED YOUR PROMOTION.

PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

Send only 10c for my 5 easy-to-follow, picture-packed courses now in 1 complete volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." Try it for one night. Experience the thrilling strength that surges through your muscles.

ENJOY MY "PROGRESSIVE POWER" STRENGTH SECRETS! GIVE ME 10 EASY MINUTES A DAY—WITHOUT STRAIN!

I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15; to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, handsomest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are, I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Yes, I'll jam you with power and self-confidence to master any situation—to win popularity—and to get ahead on the job! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

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This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
Dept. Q-08 230 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. 1



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DEPT. Q-08

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230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.**

George F. Jowett
Champion of Champions

Dear George: Please send by return mail, prepaid FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, along with all 5 Muscle Building Courses. 1. Molding a Mighty Chest. 2. Molding a Mighty Arm. 3. Molding a Mighty Grip. 4. Molding a Mighty Back. 5. Molding Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

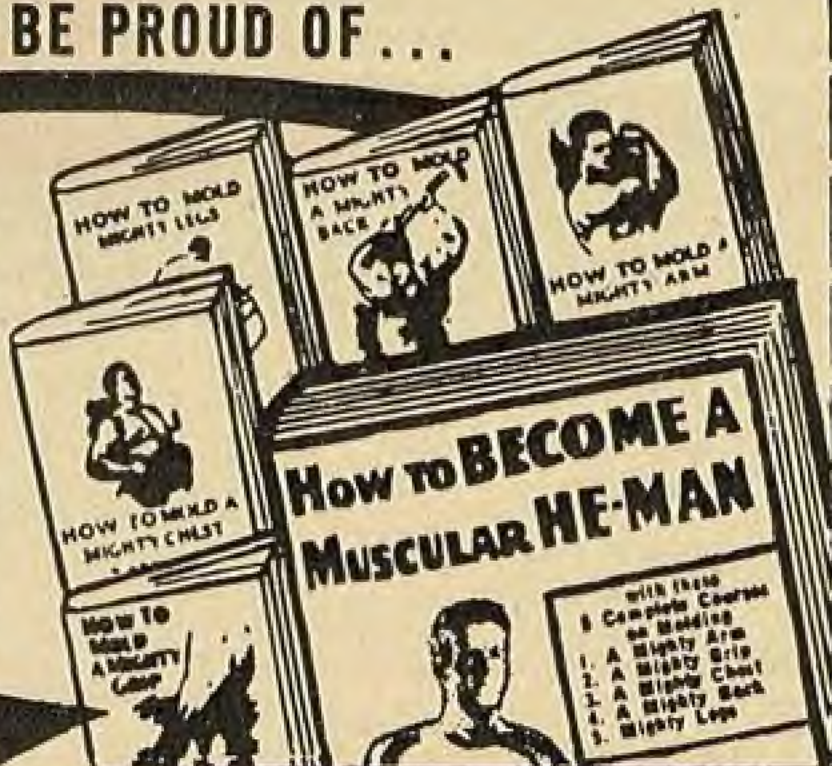
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AGE _____

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